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Visiting Africa: UVic professor asks whether Canada's investments will benefit democracy, or big business

by Mark Vardy

The moneyed halls of a glitzy shopping mall drip wealth in the suburbs of Johannesburg, South Africa. But just one hour away, in the township of Katlehong, the picture is not so pretty. In a gloomy and cramped one-room house a 10-year-old boy lies dying of AIDS. His neighbour, a volunteer youth-worker, checks on him every now and again, but can't actually do anything: she has no resources. In Katlehong, which has an unemployment rate around 40 per cent, chronic poverty and violence, no social welfare and only sporadic charity, this scenario is not out of the ordinary.

Famine, brutal dictatorships, entrenched poverty and rampant AIDS are some of the everyday aspects of contemporary Southern Africa – as are international tourist destinations like lush golf courses, vineyards and wildlife parks.

This abrupt schism between wealth and destitution is one of the issues that freelance writer and UVic journalism instructor Holly Nathan investigated recently on a two-week trip to South Africa, Namibia and Zambia, three countries in Southern Africa.

Nathan went there, not to get splashy front-page stories about children starving in a famine that threatens 14 million people, but to get at the issues and stories that underlie such dire circumstances.

Canada is promoting an international development package called New Partnership for Africa's Development (NEPAD), which promises investment and trade in return for good governance and democracy. "The key question," says Nathan, "is whether or not those two goals mesh."

In an attempt to further understand the question of how good governance is impacted by participation in the international economy, Nathan spent the bulk of her trip, which was jointly sponsored by the Canadian Association of Journalists and the Canadian International Development Agency, with non-governmental agencies. Nathan says that these agencies, such as Women For Change in Zambia and the Media Institute of Southern Africa (MISA), are working to establish civil society that is the basis of democracy.

photo by Holly Nathan

In Kalingalinga, an African compund outside the city of Lusaka.

photo by Holly Nathan

"MISA is a media watch group that fights for freedom of expression – what's happening to journalists, what the governments are doing," says Nathan. "It keeps a check on corruption in government and in the flow of information. If NEPAD is going to work with good governance, then MISA is key.

"What these groups [like Women for Change and MISA] are doing is building foundations for a democratic society by reaching out to the most poor: women who are selling children for bride prices, farmers who aren't able to plant crops because they have no tools or materials, people who need support living with AIDS."

But a problem that many groups face is that they are dependent on donations from outside their local area. This means that solutions offered by the local people and groups that are working first hand with various issues often get ignored. Nathan says that the groups she worked with in Southern Africa said that NEPAD didn't consult with any of them, even though they are already established and building the civil society that is integral to what NEPAD promises.

NEPAD offers aid in return for participation in the global economy. But Nathan says there is "more and more a push to say that people are being marginalized by this headlong rush to globalization. An example – Zambia in an epicentre of famine, but one of its exports is roses. And farmers used to plant a number of different crops that could withstand drought. But with the push to a world economy, they have to plant maize. It's a monocrop, and if the rains don't come, voilà, famine. Local voices – locals – get overridden."

This wasn't Nathan's first trip to Africa. The first time she was in South Africa was during apartheid. The issue then was obviously racial discrimination. But Nathan says that problems now cannot be so easily traced.

"About 20 years ago, I was in Soweto (a township in South Africa) at the height of apartheid. The problems were clearly about race. I was with a black social worker in one particularly dismal part of Soweto and a woman said, 'Come see how we live.' The conditions were incredible. She said, 'Tell them it's about this,' pointing at her skin over and over. But now (post-apartheid) when you're in a township it's harder to tell what it is that you're seeing. The conditions still persist, some argue they're getting worse. The question is, what's being done about it?"

Nathan returned from her most recent trip convinced that for conditions to improve we need to listen to those who are on the front lines dealing with them: "We need to listen to the civil societies. Only two per cent of the information about Africa on the Internet is written by Africans. Our (Canadians') problem is that our view of Africa is that it is full of victims, unbelievable disease, despair. We're not getting stories of Africans by Africans. The issues are so complex and who am I to come to a conclusion based on a two-week trip and background reading? But we do need to listen to these civil society groups."

"In Canada we have issues of poverty," says Nathan. "But we're isolated from the magnitude of it. In Southern Africa it's back to back, side to side. In Katlehong, where I met the boy dying from AIDS, there's just grid housing with skeletal amenities. There's row upon row of substandard housing. No police, no swimming pools, or anything else you think of in a city. It's hard for Canadians to grasp a complete absence of a social welfare system. Clearly distribution of wealth is an issue in Southern Africa, but clearly it's ours too."

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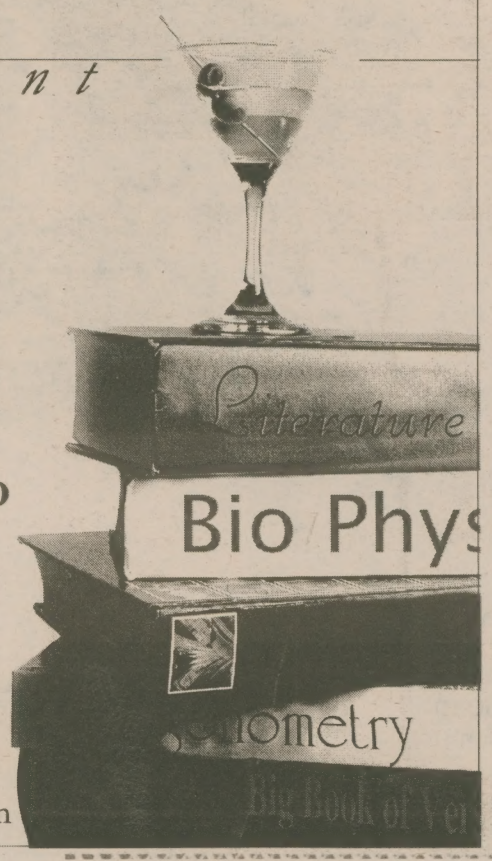

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Tuition goes up again (quelle surprise!)

Students protest silently as board approves budget

by Suzanne Beaubien and John Thompson

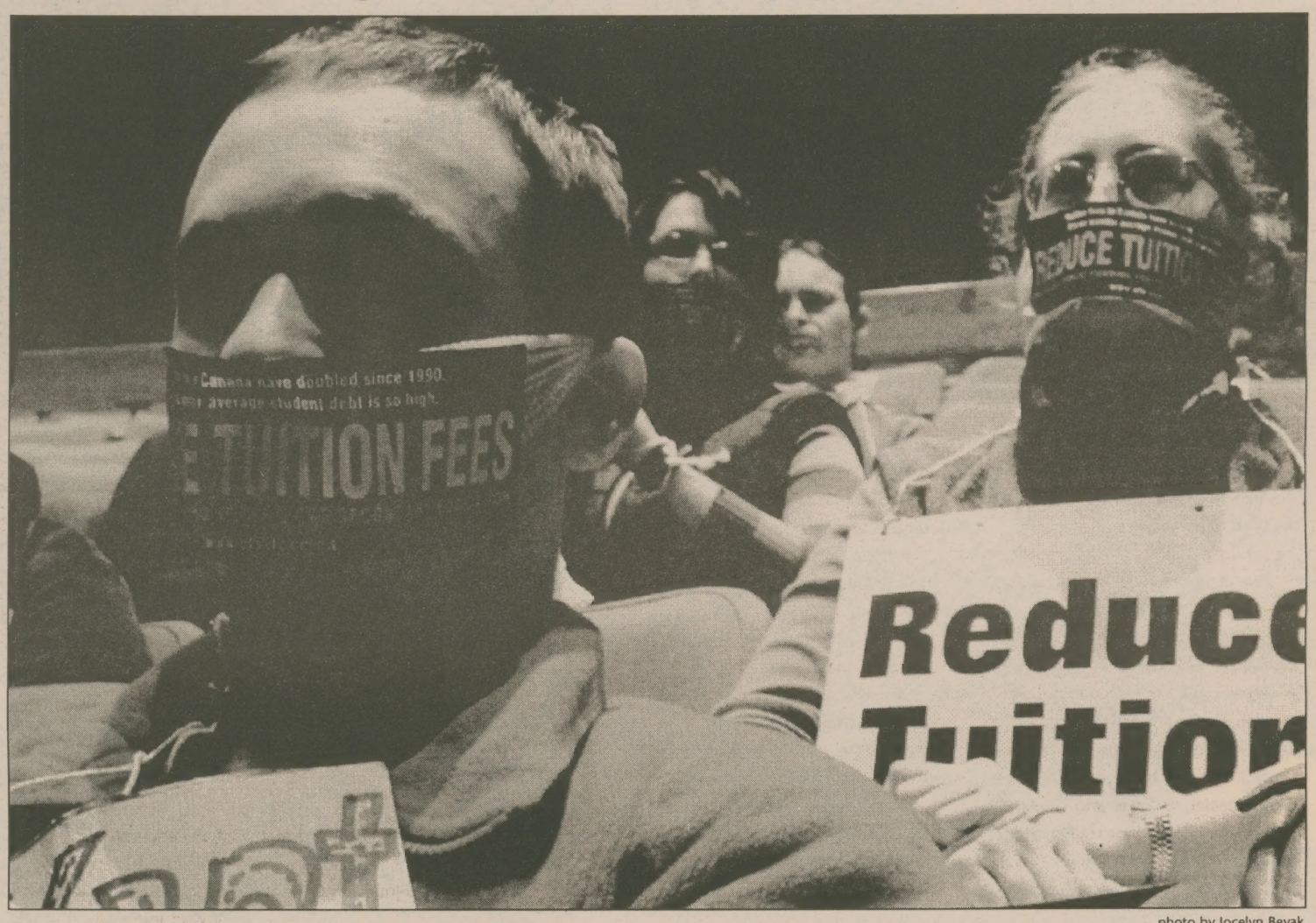

photo by Jocelyn Beyak

Bound and gagged: UVic student David Ball sits silently in protest at the Jan. 6 Board of Governors meeting. He will pay 30 per cent more for his education as of May 2003, thanks to budgetary amendments made Monday.

Tuition fees will increase another 30 per cent at UVic, effective this May.

The decision was made by the university's board of governors, who voted 10 to four in favour of the fee increase at their Jan. 6 meeting. Undergrads will now pay $3,635 a year for a full course load.

Around 60 student protesters arrived at the meeting, bound and gagged, to symbolize their inability to influence decisions that affect them.

"Past protests have fallen on deaf ears," said Michelle Kinney, chair of the UVic Students' Society, during a presentation to the board. She said the fee increase will force students to bear the brunt of provincial cutbacks.

"Many students are simply unable to afford skyrocketing tuition," Kinney said. "You will be forcing students to pay for Campbell's cuts."

Differential tuition fees are also part of the new budget. Both law and business students will pay another $1,000 on top of the 30 per cent increase. Graduate students' fees will increase 15 per cent.

Student representatives on the board took very different approaches as they argued against adopting the budget. Basil Alexander, the graduates' representative, argued against the tuition increase with the tact of a diplomat.

"Existing students cannot be expected to fund the capacity problem at UVic," he said. "This is cumulative. We must always keep an eye on what's happened over the past years."

Undergraduate representative Ingmar Lee, on the other hand, was more bellicose.

"They've done nothing, absolutely nothing, to appeal to the Campbell government for more funding," Lee said of the administration. "This whole business of raising the cost of tuition is the icy claw of Gordon Campbell reaching into our lives at UVic."

UVic President David Turpin refuted Lee's claims, explaining at length the discussions he has had with different levels of government. He added that, while he'd like to see more government grants, he's happy the Liberal government has not made cuts to post-secondary education. "Every other ministry has been clobbered," said Turpin. "I'm so glad to be in post-secondary education, as opposed to any of the others."

Some board members argued they had no choice but to increase fees without sacrificing the quality of education at UVic. Dr. Peter Kerr described student protesters as a "special interest" and argued against student representatives' claims that leaving tuition where it's at would send a message to the province, resulting in bigger grants.

"I don't see beggaring this institution for the purpose of reducing fees as an alternative," said Kerr. "If we reduce fees, it follows that we'll reduce quality. It's incumbent that we promote quality."

Board member Suromitra Sanatani agreed.

"The only alternative to raising tuition is slash and burn," she said. "If we want to retain the caliber we have no choice."

Though Trudi Brown voted against raising fees, she said the decision was a hard one.

"I'm feeling as tied and bound as the students look out there," said Brown, referring to the protesters who wore stickers over their mouths and had their hands bound with rope. "If we vote this down, we don't have a budget."

Also passed at the meeting was a plan to invest $1.9 million in student financial aid programs at UVic, approximately 20 per cent of the $59-million intake from increased tuition. Jamie Cassels, UVic's vice president academic and provost, said UVic's goal is to be in the top 15 per cent of Canadian universities, by offering academic bursaries to the top 10 per cent of all students and entrance scholarships to 25 per cent of all first-year incoming students. Also, to offset differential tuition fees, UVic will invest $300,000 into assistance for students in both the law and business programs. The university will also increase fellowships to graduate students and hire more teaching assistants.

But Alexander said the plan does not have an appropriate focus on needs-based bursaries.

"We need to focus on students who are here right now," he said.

Kinney agreed.

"You must understand that students cannot go through university hoping to win the bursary lottery," she said.

Those bound and gagged weren't entirely silent. After the board voted to approve the new funding for bursaries and scholarships, one member of the crowd muttered, "What a bunch of crooks."

And, while the mostly silent protesters were unable to prevent the tuition fee increase, they did have the last word.

"All in favour of the resignation of the board?" shouted Ben Isitt, student activist and mayoral candidate, after the board voted in favour of ending the meeting. "Quick! Retreat to the Uplands!" he jeered.

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SUB operations manager resigns

by Patrick White

Jim Gibson, the popular business development/operations division manager for the UVSS turned in his resignation Monday morning, Jan. 6. The resignation was a surprise to co-workers in the SUB, many of whom credit Gibson with helping the SUB overcome unexpected shortfalls following the resignation of former business manager Vivek Sharma, who faces charges by the Saanich Police's financial crimes unit.

Gibson decided it was time to return to the private sector over the holidays.

"I have a few options out there, but I'm just planning to take some time off with my two boys and my wife," he said.

The resignation sets in motion the hiring process for a new manager, starting with the creation of a hiring committee at Thursday's UVSS board meeting.

Advertisements for the position should appear by the weekend, according to SUB general manager Marne Jensen, who added, "We will be looking for someone with a strong financial management background and a human resources background."

Jonas Gifford, UVSS director of finance, said the committee "will be looking for a background in food and beverage management." The food and beverage operations are the SUB's largest operations and will be a main area of focus over the next few years, he said.

Gibson advises that his successor should have "a sensitivity toward the unique culture here. It is a multifaceted operation in which you work with many people."

No definite time frame has been set for Gibson's departure.

"I'm not going to leave the UVSS hanging. It will be sooner rather than later, but on good terms," said Gibson.

He does not expect the UVSS to suffer from his departure. "With Marne and Judy Guthrie (support/administration services manager), there's a strong senior management in place and the board has been amazing over the past year."

But Gibson will not be easily replaced, said Jensen.

"Jim will clearly be missed. He came at a turbulent time and dug right in with the rest of us," she said.

Gifford added, "He managed very well. We were lucky to have him."

Gibson's coworkers said he will leave the SUB in much better condition than when he started the position.

Gibson helped navigate the SUB through tough times, taking over on Oct. 1, 2001, just when the alarming losses began to surface in the wake of Sharma's resignation.

"Where we stand today is a lot more pleasant than when I started. It was a great ride," said Gifford.

"He had quite an adventurous first few weeks in the face of a challenge no one expected, but managed very well. We were lucky to have him."

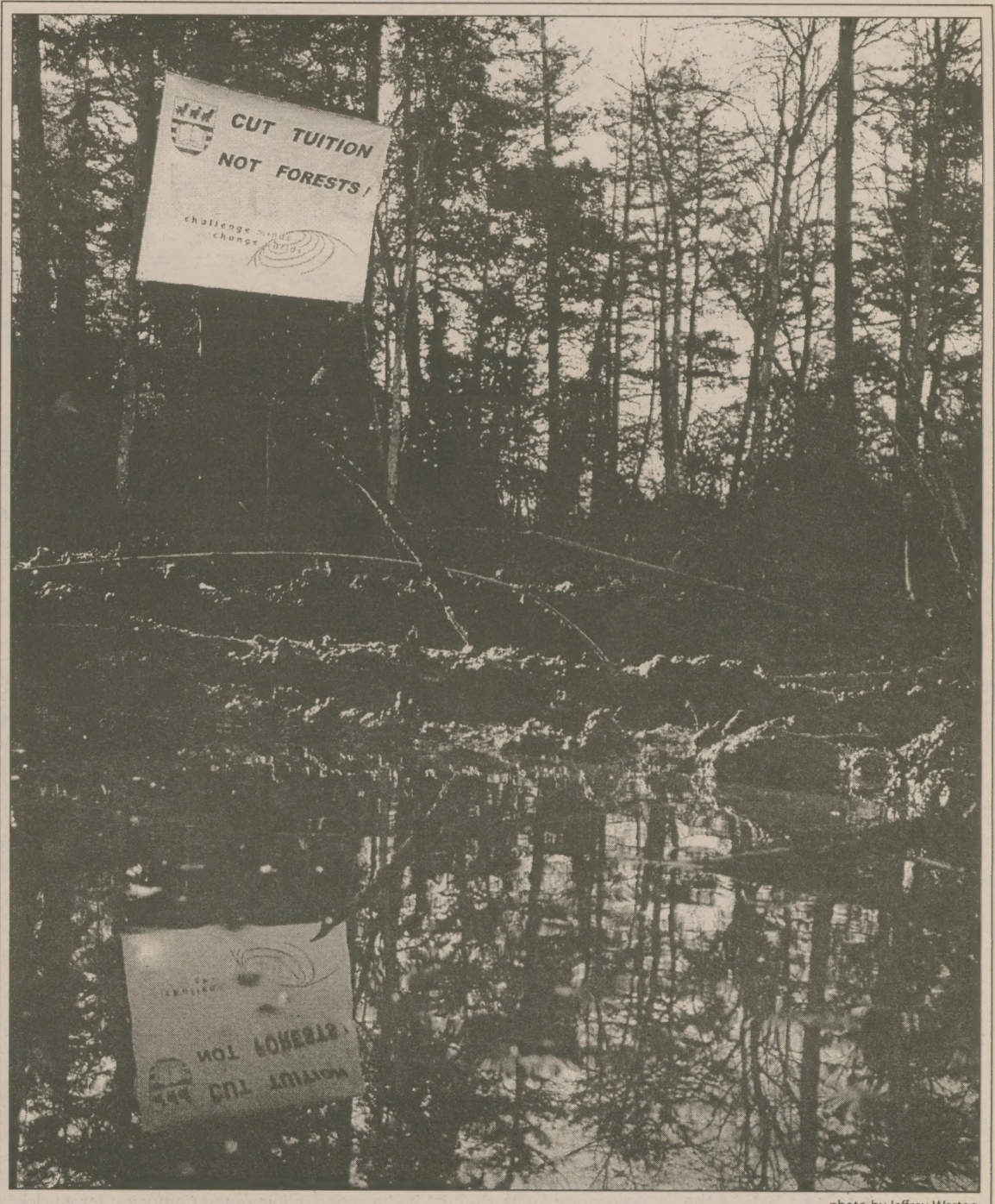

photo by Jeffrey Weston

Part of the Cunningham Woods was cut down over winter break in preparation for construction scheduled for next fall. Said Ingmar Lee, a student member of the board of governors who adamantly opposed the forest's destruction, "People need to understand the importance of forests and [UVic] is the type of place where people are being challenged to be open-minded and think of new ways of doing things."

Romanow's advisor speaks: health care's future debated at UVic

by Shana Heiser

Canadian health care is a question of values and equity, B.C.'s former assistant deputy minister for community health told an audience of about 100 at UVic on Dec. 5. Lillian Bayne answered questions regarding her position as special advisor to the Romanow Commission, which she called the "people's commission," while reviewing the current, flawed health system.

Roy Romanow called for $15 billion to support Canada's slowly worsening health care system. Much of this money would go towards reducing wait lists for major procedures and funding a national homecare program. Even with the 356 pages the report produced, Baynes admitted Romanow's recommendations still need tweaking.

"It's a general thrust in the right direction," Baynes said. "The details are points for negotiation."

The Canadian Women's Health Network (CWHN) applauded the report for its efforts at providing health care to aboriginal and rural communities, but pointed out that it fails to address women's specific needs.

"Women have been left out of the equation," CWHN executive director Madeline Boscoe said in a press release.

She observed that women represent the majority of paid health providers and use health care services more often than men. Romanow's lack of reference to gender differences upset the CWHN, but some of the problems with his report affect the entire population.

Boscoe said the failure to appropriately address gender differences in health care use means many of the recommendations in the report fail to protect and promote women's health, leaving women vulnerable and without the necessary support.

The CWHN wants a comprehensive pharmacare program to address more than "catastrophic" situations. While they appreciate the national prescription drug program, more funding is needed in that area for all genders.

With all the pleas for funding from various interest groups, Baynes warns Canada must be prepared to "buy change." Seventy-five per cent of Canadians support Romanow's report, according to a recent poll, but Baynes wonders if they're willing to pay.

As the discussion wrapped up, Baynes referred to the United States' expensive and faulty health care system, but pointed out that rich Canadians still head south for expedient medical attention. The comparison between the neighbouring countries was quickly halted by an audience member.

"France has the best health care system in the world," a man stood up and said. "So why compare ours to the U.S., when ours is better?"

Baynes concluded by saying Canada should cover necessary medical services, which reflects the CWHN's assertions calling for equal rights and attention to women.

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Ben Webb remembered:

Former *Martlet* editor and writer-for-hire left his mark everywhere he went

by Robin Platts

Ben Webb, former editor-in-chief of *the Martlet*, passed away in November at the age of 45 after a five-year struggle with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma.

Webb, the paper's editor for 1979-80, went on to make his mark as one of the mainstays of the left press in Britain.

"Ben was very smart," said Martin Ashwood-Smith, who contributed cartoons and crosswords to *the Martlet* while Webb was editor. "One of the smartest people I've ever met."

During his time at UVic, Webb was active in student politics as vice-president of the students' society. As a teenager he had also been involved with the NDP, and even formed his own party in high school, along with fellow student James Tuohy.

"We had our own party in student council," said Tuohy. "Which was of course always narrowly defeated by 'the man.' We called it SPAM – the Student Political Action Movement. Our motto was 'We've had enough vegetables – let's have some spam!'"

Although Webb came from a working-class family, he didn't inherit his politics from his parents.

"His parents were working class but right-wing," said Ashwood-Smith. "He was quite unique in his family. His politics came from his reading and from people he knew in political parties."

Cleve Dheensaw, now sports editor at the *Times Colonist*, was *the Martlet*'s sports specialist during Webb's tenure as editor-in-chief.

"You could tell he was a brilliant guy," said Dheensaw. "He had a way of looking at the world that was clinical but passionate."

Webb's skill as a writer was evident even before he became editor of *the Martlet*. He had already parlayed his intelligence and way with words into a lucrative sideline to help fund his studies at UVic.

"He used to write papers for rich students," said Ashwood-Smith. "You'd pay him and he'd write and research an original paper – on any subject. He guaranteed an A. If you got an A minus, you got a bit of a discount."

"It shows how quick he was," said Dheensaw of Webb's custom-paper business. "How brilliant and bright he was, that he could just wing it."

David Clode, former general manager of the Student Union Building, knew Webb during his UVic years and remembers him as "a person of significant intellect" and "a wry observer of things."

"He was one of the real intellectual thinkers about politics and philosophy," Clode said. "He was as well-read as anybody I've known, a prodigious reader. His appetite for knowledge was insatiable."

Clode remembers Webb's university lifestyle as "sleep all day, work all night. He was kind of a disheveled guy most of the time – always wondering, 'Why is the rest of the world working during the day?'"

Those who knew Webb in his UVic days remember him as a generous man with a great sense of humour.

"He wasn't one of these intellectual people who was disconnected from society," stressed Ashwood-Smith. "He liked to drink and hang around sleazy bars. He was very down-to-earth. He knew the ins and outs of gritty society. He knew how to talk to people. He was very warm and witty, and he could converse with people without being condescending."

At *the Martlet*, said Dheensaw, Webb "created a nice atmosphere. He made everybody feel comfortable."

Webb was remarkably adept at learning languages, which he did, according to Clode, "to expose himself to the thinkers of the world."

"Even then, he was very left-wing and active in left-wing circles," said Ashwood-Smith. "But he had a very low tolerance for what he called 'boojum' fascists." Webb coined the term – using a nonsense word from Lewis Carroll's *The Hunting of the Snark* – for those who exploited political correctness for their own benefit. "Political correctness for its own sake," as Ashwood-Smith put it, "when people power-tripped on it."

"Ben definitely put his own stamp on *the Martlet*," Ashwood-Smith said. "It was very political, but then *the Martlet* always was. At the time just before Ben arrived, the paper became fiercely independent. It was quite outspoken."

Before taking over as editor-in-chief, Webb had served as *the Martlet*'s books editor. Dheensaw said that his book reviews were some of the best he'd ever read.

After leaving UVic, Webb worked at Radio-Canada in Quebec City. Then, curious about the Sandinista revolution, he subsequently traveled to Nicaragua.

"Nicaragua was very fashionable with revolutionaries at that time," said Ashwood-Smith. "You'd go down there and get thrown in jail – which of course Ben managed to do. But he wouldn't have gone down there just because it was fashionable. He was interested in seeing political thought in process – seeing things operate." Ashwood-Smith surmises that in Nicaragua, Webb "would have been in the coffee shops and bars, talking to people."

It was there, in Nicaragua, that Webb met his future wife, Laura Jacobs. Jacobs returned to England in the mid-80s and Webb went with her. In London, his interest in the European peace movement led him to a job as co-editor of the *END Journal*, published by European Nuclear Disarmament. In 1989, he joined the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) and edited their magazine, *Sanity*, until CND folded the publication two years later.

"He transformed (*Sanity*) into a better journal than any single-issue campaign could reasonably expect," wrote Paul Anderson in *the Guardian*.

After *Sanity* folded, Webb continued working as a freelance writer, contributing to *the Tribune* and *the New Statesman*. He also taught at Middlesex University and the London College of Printing.

Webb left behind a significant body of published work, as well as several unfinished book projects. In his *Guardian* obituary, Anderson called him "one of the mainstays of the left press of the 1980s and 1990s."

Although he made his mark thousands of miles away from the UVic campus, it was here that Webb got his start.

"You could see the seeds of Ben's later life achievements" in his UVic years, Clode said.

As he did later with *Sanity*, Webb expanded *the Martlet*'s horizons.

"He gave it a broader focus," said Dheensaw. "He knew there was a world beyond Ring Road, and he wanted to bring that to the paper."

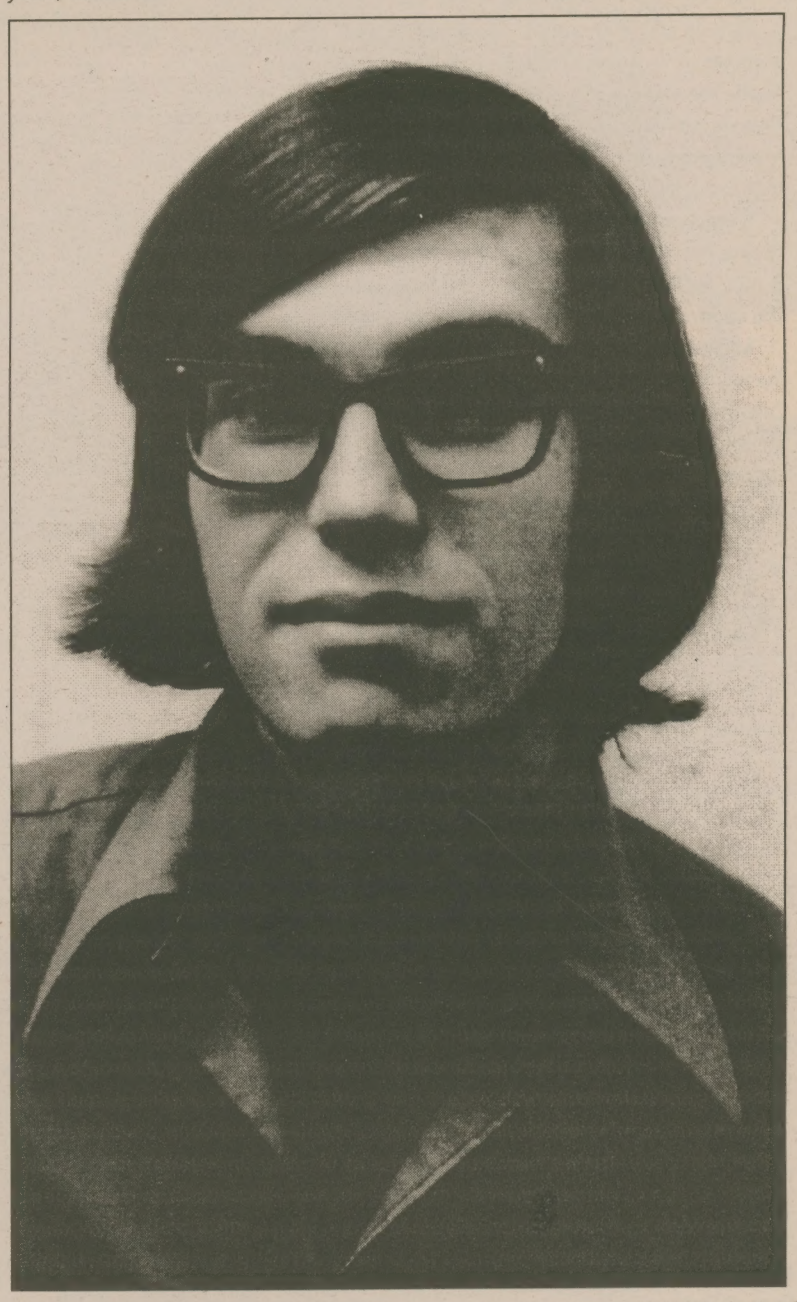

photo provided by UVic archives

Former *Martlet* editor Ben Webb: Brilliant writer and enemy of boojum facists.

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CFS unveils fresh tactics for new year campaigns

Group says it's gaining ground in B.C.

by Kevin Groves, British Columbia Bureau

VANCOUVER (CUP) – Tired of being pigeon-holed as irrelevant protesters by the media, the Canadian Federation of Students (CFS) plans to use new tactics in 2003 to continue their campaign against higher tuition.

Leaders of the student lobby group, which represents about 425,000 students from coast to coast, said they plan to form closer ties with other special-interest groups, such as seniors organizations and labour councils, to create broader public support for lower tuition in Canada.

"Right now we know there is incredible public support for lower tuition but we're hoping this move will make the idea more of a priority to governments," said Summer McFadyen, B.C. chair of the CFS.

To help create broader support, the CFS has planned regional summits in Vancouver, Winnipeg, Sudbury and Sydney, Nova Scotia this semester. A national summit will then be held in Ottawa, to raise public awareness of what the financial impediments to a university education are, such as why tuition is high, as well as possible solutions, CFS leaders said.

"[The summits] are not designed to be demonstrations, and they're not about the number of people who turn out," said Ian Boyko, national chair of the CFS. "They're about getting groups in the community together and making people feel more included."

Michelle Kinney, chair of the University of Victoria Student Society (UVSS), said another new tactic being tried this year is "silent protest," which uses theatrics, such as binding and gagging protesters to represent their views falling on deaf ears, to get the message across.

"What we're trying to do is find ways to accentuate the positive, so we can get away from the perception that our demonstrations are just another angry protest," said Kinney.

It is also likely that there will be some success this year in CFS campaigns, leaders say.

Boyko said the CFS is due for some progress in B.C., now in the second year of a planned three-year, 90 per cent tuition hike.

He said the CFS is slowly winning a public relations battle in the western provinces as more of the electorate warm to the idea that higher tuition fees hurt accessibility.

"The more the current B.C. government does, the more they show that they're not interested in the public good, and now the honeymoon period is quite over," said Boyko.

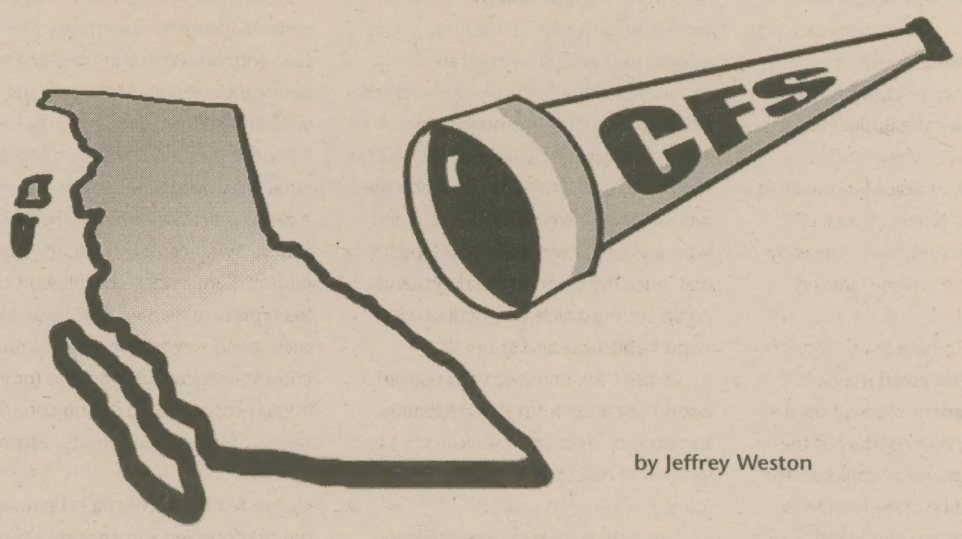
According to a Dec. 19 Ipsos-Reid poll, The BC Liberal government currently has the support of 44 per cent of decided voters, compared to 31 per cent for the provincial NDP and 17 per cent for the provincial Green Party.

Boyko added that the CFS had a fairly positive fall last semester in terms of recruitment.

The lobby group added the University of Toronto to its membership after a November referendum, while its main competitor, the Canadian Alliance of Student Associations (CASA), recently lost the University of Alberta and Grant MacEwan College, two important members.

"So we're riding that wave right now, and we're getting stronger," Boyko said.

"It's going to be a good year."



by Jeffrey Weston

Copps outlines support for student-operated loan system

by Adam Grachnik, Ottawa Bureau

OTTAWA (CUP) – During her university days "idealism was pretty awesome," and students thought they "could do and be anything." But times have changed says Sheila Copps, and she hopes to rekindle that optimism.

Copps, who seems poised to challenge for the federal Liberal leadership, said if she found herself at the helm, "post-secondary education would be a huge issue."

"Beyond infancy, the most important time in a person's life is between those ages (17-21)," Copps, the minister of Canadian heritage, explains from her office on the fifth floor of Parliament Hill. "That's when the direction for your life is going to be set."

Direction is exactly what Copps believes the post-secondary sector needs.

"Nobody seems to be engaged in where the country is going," says Copps, who was once an executive member of the University of Western Ontario Student Association in 1972.

"Most of us and every province have a whole bunch of issues. The reality is most of them are common problems."

"The opportunity for students to come together and talk about them is very minimal," she adds. "We need to empower students [and] national student associations should have input into the policy process."

Copps also wants to explore a student-operated loan system with the help of student leaders.

"Canada student loans have not been increased since 1992," she says. "It's only going to happen if someone says let's bring together CASA, CFS and other interested parties, to see if it's doable."

Borrowers have increased 49 per cent since 1990-91 and the amount each student obtains is also up 63 per cent from 1990. The Canadian Federation of Students (CFS) reports the average student is graduating with a debt of $25,000 compared to $8,000 in the early 90s.

"In every province you make a deal with the province or in certain instances we devolve over to the banks," Copps adds.

Copps also has some strong criticisms for the Canada Health and Social Transfer (CHST), a current cash transfer of $19 billion to the provinces for health care, social services and post-secondary education, known to be heavily weighted for health care.

"If you look at the whole genesis of the CHST, it was basically brought in at a time when we were reducing transfers," she says.

In 1996, the Liberal government created the CHST and cut billions of dollars from transfer payments.

"It [CHST] was a negotiated decision of the department of finance that was never discussed with anybody," Copps says.

Paul Martin was the minister of finance when the decision was made.

"These sorts of things when they come out in a budget, if you vote against them you're defeating the government," Copps explains her support for the merger. "So it's the kind of thing that really should be debated and discussed."

Copps claims that she wants to "create a system that decouples transfer payments."

Currently, she says, "it's become very difficult to figure out what is going where. That's why it needs to be decoupled... [CHST] needs to be increased."

"It needs to have incentives built in. We actually have it the opposite. We've created a system that is actually encouraging tuition increases."

Since 1990 tuition fees in Canada have increased 135 per cent.

"It is not enough for us to walk away and say this is a provincial decision, I think we have to be partners in making sure Canada remains a country that has an accessible post-secondary system," she says.

"We do run the risk of creating a country of elites."

"At the moment there is nothing in the system to encourage support of accessibility," she says.

"So what we should do is interconnect with provincial governments to try and influence provincial public policy."

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You know how sometimes you just feel that burning urge to write write write write write? So you just scribble a bit in the phone book, on your notes, in text books. Now where's the fun in that? Will anybody ever see it? Will anybody appreciate it?

No.

Write for *the Martlet*.

You'll be appreciated.

Soapbox

Paving the way to where? Woes and worries along the campus development beat

by John Thompson

An orange excavator with large metal jaws lumbered through the Cunningham Woods area during the winter holidays, busily raking branches and roots from where trees recently stood. Riding past this metal-plated behemoth on my bike, I reflected on how reporting on this controversial plot of woods, the future location of UVic's Island Medical Building, was more perilous than expected.

The last time I met with Jack Falk, UVic's vice-president of finance and the head of the Campus Development Committee (CDC), our conversation was understandably chilly.

It was early December, and dark clouds loomed over the Business and Economics Building, where the university's top brass reside on the fourth floor. I arrived out of breath and 10 minutes late, after running to the early morning meeting from my Gordon Head home.

"Is this going to be a news story or an opinion piece?" Falk asked me flatly. I laughed the comment off, explained it was a news story, and conducted the interview as smoothly as I could. At the time, the decision had been made to resume construction of the Island Medical Building in Cunningham Woods, a patch of tangled, second-growth forest between the MacLauren and Cunningham buildings. At that moment, however, the bigger controversy was what went in, and was left out of, earlier coverage of the woods. After the interview, Falk asked:

"What exactly is *the Martlet* trying to be, a newspaper or a place to write your opinions?"

"Well, you've been here longer than I have," I nervously chuckled. "You know it can be both."

His comment was provoked by a story I wrote earlier. "Reconsider paving forest, committee tells president," declared the sensational headline I penned in early November. The news hook: During a university senate meeting, Falk announced construction of the Island Medical Building was "suspended" – phrasing that he later regretted, since the CDC's motion was only to review its current location.

But I went with "suspend" in my story – Falk said it, after all, and I sympathized with students and faculty on the CDC who were discontented with losing the woods. They were the underdogs and won a victory, even if it was temporary. Still, once the story hit the newsstands, I could see my article was riddled with contestable facts and errors.

I wasn't the only one who noticed. Soon I got a call from Bruce Kilpatrick, the head of UVic Communications. He wanted to meet for coffee to discuss the story.

Some mistakes were trivial, like the building height (three, rather than four storeys) and the number of committee votes (6-3, rather than 7-2). In these cases, I reported what I was told, and I was misinformed.

More important facts I never recall being told; namely, that only 10 per cent of the woods would be cut.

In other cases, information was simplified. Part of a reporter's job, I told myself at the time, is taking a complex issue and explaining it in simple terms. In the case of Cunningham Woods, even its location was contested - years ago, when the biology faculty was consulted about campus development, they flagged Cunningham Woods as an area to be protected. But, Falk explained, the area they referred to was actually the woods outside the Ring Road – otherwise known as South Woods.

I didn't print this at the time. Why? Because I thought it wasn't relevant. I knew students were studying Cunningham Woods in biology and geology classes, and I thought the point was off-focus.

In fact, I felt I could defend most of what I had written – but not all. I quoted a campus activist who said the university is developing campus without public consultation. In fact, consultation has been pretty extensive – and was even mentioned earlier in my article. You can criticize how consultation was (or wasn't) implemented, but to say no consultation was made is factually wrong. I screwed up.

Inside *the Martlet* office, I pinned up the photocopied story given to me by Kilpatrick, with mistakes highlighted in blue. Above, I scrawled the title, "How to Piss Off UVic Admin, in 11 Easy Steps." And, when I later spoke with Falk, I apologized.

Now, let's flash forward through time: During the Christmas holidays, the trees were cut from the ground to make room for the new building. Most students were gone at the time, conveniently enough, and I imagine even our omnipresent environmental activist, Ingmar Lee, was no match for that orange, metal-plated monster I saw chomping through deadwood and roots.

photo by John Thompson

John Thompson runs amok, terrorizes UVic administration

So, what's my opinion? Well, I have to admit, it wasn't the prettiest plot of woods. Also, Falk was right to say in a letter to the editor that, when it comes to developing campus, pleasing everybody is impossible. Still, I think the building's location was decided for the wrong reasons.

At present, the guiding rationale that determines where buildings are dropped is their proximity to other, like-minded buildings. So the Island Medical Building goes next to Cunningham, where medical students will frequently use the biology labs. And, in three months time, a new engineering building will have its location announced. Odds are it will go where other trees inside Ring Road stand, adjacent the other engineering building.

And so our university lives carry on, inside an already highly compartmental academic culture, with buildings designed to avoid contact with other areas of study. Isn't this one of the biggest problems with universities today? I'd like to see departments at UVic talk more to each other, not less.

Who knows? Maybe we'd learn a thing or two from each other - and avoid future environmental controversies.

Memo: To all UVic board of governors

Location suggestions for future board of governors meetings

1. Cunningham woods
Reason: Lots of trees to hide around. (Oh wait, scratch that one.)

2. Joe's house
Reason: He's got that sweet patio.

3. Tahiti
Reason: Never been.

4. Never-Never-Land
Reason: 'Cause it's the second star to the RIGHT! Ha!

5. The *Martlet* office
Reason: They'll be none the wiser.

6. One of those like clubs, ya know, that ya see in movies with the tough guy looking through that slit in the door and asking for a password. And then the password would be "Education."
(Oh shit, I shouldn't have written that last part.)

7. Saskatchewan
Reason: It's far away. And we really like wheat!

8. Pirates of the Caribbean ride at Disney Land
Reason: Tea Cup ride too dizzying.

9. Richie Rich's house
Reason: He's a good friend of mine.

10. The UVic clock tower.
Reason: Possible location for future secret base. Tower could turn into detachable escape-rocket, like the Bob's Big Boy in *Austin Powers*.

Student Voice

Kindness my ass, opines student

by Richard Warnica

Am I the only one who feels vaguely nauseated by the Extreme Kindness Tour?

I mean, am I really supposed to feel better about the world because four schmaltzy yuppies are giving back rubs to out-of-work cod fishermen in Newfoundland?

For those of you who don't know, the Extreme Kindness Tour was four young Victoria men prancing around Canada in a van posing for kindness-induced photo-ops with bemused yokels.

Now that they're back in Vic (they recently basked on the cover of the *Times Colonist)*, the four boys have revealed that, gosh golly, they're sure awful anxious to share the story of their adventures in altruism with the whole world!

They even have the entire "extreme" experience on video tape and there's an "extreme" book on the way.

Extreme kindness my ass.

These schmucks are nothing more than a brood of starch white opportunists looking to parlay a set of faux-earnest grins and reams of free cocoapuff squares into a shot at the middling Canadian big-time. The Extreme Kindness Tour is an attempt at creating the pseudo-Disney, Christian Coalition premise for a piss-poor reality television show.

It is my great hope that someone will be "extremely kind" to me and call these shits in sheep's clothing what they really are: four attention-desperate twentysomethings out to fool the buffoonery into five minutes at the top.

Maybe, once the "extreme kindites" have had their egos pricked, they can get back to shilling out watery margaritas to underage bar stars at Earls.

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Editorial

Fees up, trees down

As we enter a new year, we can't think of a more predictable thing to do than write a beginning-of-the-year/predictions/new-year's-resolution-themed editorial.

But what the heck.

We tried to be innovative and unpredictable last year, but the other kids made fun of us.

So, anyway. Another year of resolutions and plans begins at UVic. For example, pertaining to what we mentioned before, *the Martlet* resolves to call out any and all of you who called us names. You know who you are. Let's go. Outside.

But this is all hearsay. You didn't hear it from us.

Moving on.

We were barely on campus five minutes after a restful vacation when we were greeted with news of unrest. Voices were raised about the cutting down of Cunningham Woods and the board of governors' decision to increase tuition fees again – the two biggest shockers since k.d. lang came out of the closet.

These are just the beginnings of a year of change ahead. Yes, things are happening quickly.

Predictions?

Is that what you want?

We don't have a resident astrologer, but we'll shine up the crystal ball and take a shot.

There are some things that are easy to predict for the year ahead:

1) Gordon Campbell and the Liberal government will make more cuts in the new budget for 2003.

2) The rabbit population on campus will continue to increase. Bunnies will be adored by most and tormented by a few goofballs who insist on chasing and/or trying to catch them.

3) UVic's campus development plan will be the target of criticism and protest from activists, but will proceed pretty much however the administration wants it to go.

4) Vertigo, the defunct SUB nightclub, will remain closed. Trooper will not play there, nor will Nearly Neil.

5) Despite the best efforts of dedicated staff and volunteers, *the Martlet* will remain tragically neglected by much of the UVic population – ignored completely or reached for only in momemts of desperate boredom, extended washroom visits or bus rides.

6) Thus, unfamiliar with their campus newspaper, students will continue to be baffled when strangely costumed lunatics accost them, saying, "Uh, we're from *the Martlet*. Can we ask you a question and take your photo? We've got this thing called 'On the Spot'..."

7) SUB regulars will continue to roll their eyes disdainfully as they pass *Martlet* staff dressed as carrots, barbers, dentists, etc., as if to say, "You goddamn yahoos."

8) There won't be a major earthquake.

9) Probably.

10) Maybe we shouldn't make that prediction. It might jinx us. It might be like an episode of *Laverne and Shirley*, where someone says, "And if a bigger pair of idiots exists in the universe, I'd like to meet them..." And then the door bursts open and in walk Lenny and Squiggy.

11) It's tempting fate, and we want no part of it. So consider the earthquake prediction withdrawn. Effective immediately.

12) Okay. This prediction business is freaking us out, so enough with the forecasting.

More resolutions, then. Well, we pretty much made our resolutions in September. For the *Martlet* crew, the year starts in May and then again in September, so we're not really in the mood for resolutions.

We resolve now, as we did in May and September, to root out the last hold-outs on campus who aren't reading us and win them over.

We want, as we said a few months back, to be loved.

So, in conclusion. Back before, when we mentioned the prospect of calling people out, we were just kidding. We resolve to be more lovable than ever.

Editorial topics are decided on by staff at editorial meetings. Editorials are written by one or more staff members, and are not necessarily the opinion of all staff members.

Don't like what you read?

Write us, or write *for* us: martlet@uvic.ca

by Jeffrey Weston

Cunningham Woods

Indigenous Perspectives

Sockeye Moon

by Gordon de Frane

The other day Mum and I enjoyed our first sockeye of the season. It's not such a great event when you consider that Indians and fish are like butter and popcorn, peanut butter and jam, chicken and coleslaw.

As we sat around the table, and after we gave thanks to our ancestors for the bounty on our plates, we ate our fill of the hot pink flesh served with plenty of rice and fresh steamed vegetables; grease and dried seaweed seasoned our meal just right.

I got to thinking about the first sockeye of the season and what it means to have salmon on our dinner table or in our freezer or in our cupboards in jars.

Like I said, salmon is synonymous with Indian people. Salmon is synonymous with my family. The Silvey-Aleck family has lived in and around the Gulf Islands and on the saltwater for as long as any of us can remember. Fish was our livelihood for many years, many centuries. Some members of our family still fish for a living, but each year fewer and fewer go out on the water.

The first newcomers to the coast recounted stories about the bounty of the oceans, rivers and forests of this land. Captain Cook, reputedly, had only to lower baskets over the side of his ship tp retrieve a great catch of salmon. First Peoples followed the cycle of the salmon. My ancestors caught fish in local rivers and travelled to the mainland in pursuit of the great runs that returned to the mighty Fraser, long before it was known by that name. Then the new people came with their salteries and fish processing plants. Great fishing boats replaced canoes, spears, and weirs, reef and dip nets. Salmon was exchanged for money. Many newcomers earned enormous fortunes mining the cold Pacific waters and rivers of the coast.

The first salmon people to return used to be welcomed in a ceremony each season. The First Fish was an important aspect of Salish life. The ceremony and ritual re-affirmed our link, our bond with the salmon clans. Many of our stories told of the covenants struck between human people and the salmon people.

"We give of ourselves to you that you may have life, they said. We ask that you return our skin and bones to the saltwater so that we may return each year, they said."

Return our skin and bones to the saltwater was the promise. Their promise was to feed us; they promised to keep us healthy, keep us through the winter moons.

I have never witnessed a First Fish of the Season ceremony. But I have heard about them. They are like stories about the Sasquatch: We hear about them but never see them.

The newcomers brought change. They dammed rivers; they redirected streams. Industry polluted many streams and creeks and other bodies of fresh water. Some creeks and small streams were simply erased from the land's memory. With the destruction of these rivers, streams and creeks went the homes of the salmon; the spawning beds long made dry and useless. Every stream, creek, river boasted its own indigenous population of salmon.

Each year, since the new people came, the many homes that the salmon people returned to have become fewer and fewer. As a result of the changes wrought in Aboriginal societies, the promises and covenants of yesterday have been ignored, forgotten. The exchange of money for salmon made people wealthy. People made money; some even got rich – not First People, of course. Laws were passed to prohibit our trade and commerce in salmon. As the years became decades and decades passed into centuries the vast numbers of salmon have dwindled. But the increasing number of fishing boats and the improvements to technology made being a salmon ever more hazardous.

Fish and other wild foods were a regular feature in our house when I was growing up. All my uncles and some of my aunts too, fished.

Salmon was almost a daily meal. It made for a luxurious feast. When I was a child we wouldn't have understood what was meant by the term "wild salmon." Wild salmon is a term I will never get used to.

Today, our first sockeye comes to us through the band office fisheries authority. Most if not all the Silvey-Aleck family have long since sold or exchanged their licenses or can just no longer make a living pursuing ever receding numbers of salmon. The change in vernacular of wild salmon and farmed salmon was ushered in with the advent of the fish farming industry.

The farmed salmon industry threatens what remains of the wild stocks. Regardless of what spin industry operatives put on their business indigenous stocks of salmon will undoubtedly suffer. It should be noted that on the East Coast, Pacific salmon are being raised in fish farms. Odd when you think that the various East Coast fishing industries have been so troubled for so long that we should be learning something from our mistakes. Putting the remaining Pacific salmon stocks at risk you'd think would be unthinkable.

Doing the unthinkable is what the B.C. government is doing though. The BC Liberals have lifted the ban on net pen salmon farming. Farmed salmon means Atlantic salmon here in B.C.

The government would have us believe that net pen fish farming is perfectly safe. I also recall that various governments said that the P.E.I. mussels were safe.

The fresh water of Walkerton was safe.

The Dungeness crabs around the pulp and paper mills were safe.

Women of the north are told not to nurse their babies because of PCB contamination. For similar reason, pregnant women are told to limit the amount of white fish they eat from the Great Lakes.

East Coasters were told that the Atlantic cod stocks were stable and would be there forever, so the governments said.

On the West Coast, sturgeon is facing extinction. The green sturgeon is extinct or nears extinction. Yet in recent news broadcasts police authorities discovered, while busting a grow-op, a live sturgeon in the fridge. It certainly raised eyebrows.

It should also be raising an alarm at Belleville Street and make the BC Liberals take quick and decisive action before another unique fish species ceases to exist.

Dead is dead; gone is gone.

Every 20 minutes another species becomes extinct each day. Does the BC Liberal government not understand the meaning of extinction?

Extinction means no longer living.

The species no longer exists. The species will never be seen on the face of this earth ever again. That's what extinction means! There will be no *Jurassic Park*-like rescue of a species that no longer exists.

As I eat my first sockeye of the season I wonder when it will be the last of the season.

[2002/2003]
martlet
UVIC'S STUDENT PAPER

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on the spot

Mr. Clean: Rich Cole
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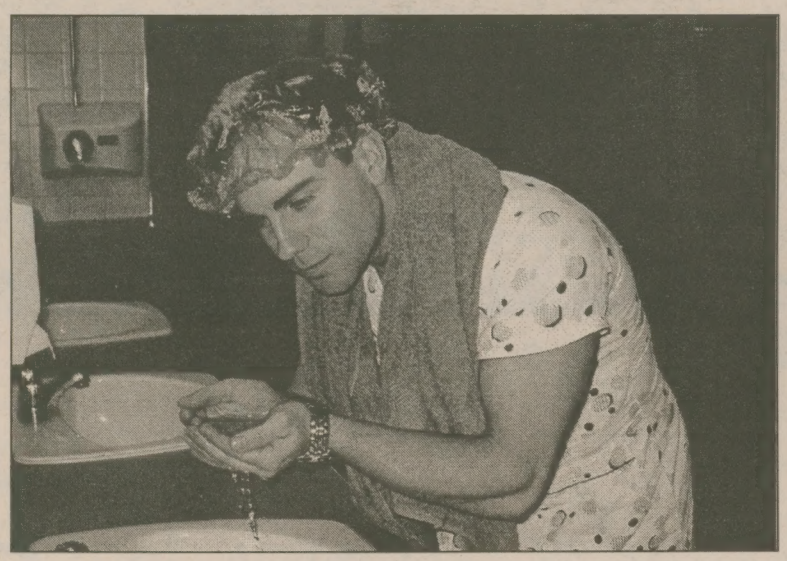
Hey. Where do they keep the showers in this place?

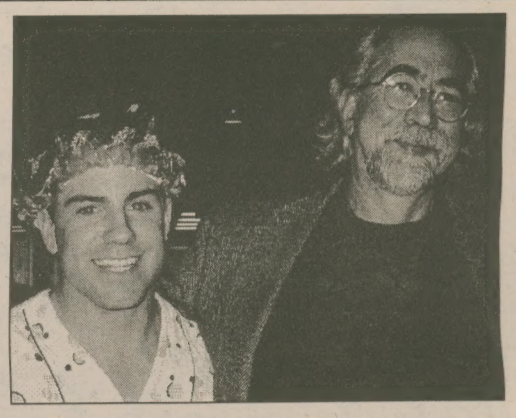
Location: Clearihue Building



"...and do you have a vacancy for a back-scrubber?" Rich Cole reaches for the soap.

Malcolm Katz
3rd year Greek and Roman Studies

Rich: Hey. Where do they keep the showers in this place?
Malcolm: No idea.
Rich: Second floor, maybe?
Malcolm: Maybe.
Rich: You didn't shower here this morning?
Malcolm: No
Rich: All the students don't shower here?
Malcolm: I showered at my place. You're welcome to come over any night and have a shower.
Rich: Thanks, man. I'm kinda smelly.
Malcolm: I know. I can smell you.



George Buvyer
4th year
Anthropology

George: Not in this building.
Rich: The library maybe?
George: No, I'd look next to the pool in the McKinnon Building.
Robin: We tried that. They sent us over here. They said Clearihue A Wing.
George: Some people just like to send you around in circles. That's sort of an occupational game here. See how far they can send the first years until they're dizzy.
Rich: I think it has to do with the graduate students. It's all a conspiracy.

Shane Tillapaugh and Tim Holland
3rd year Biology

Shane: Yeah. There's one in the bathroom in the SUB. It's really small. There's only a small basin. You have to jam yourself into it.
Rich: Like a urinal.
Shane: Or a sink.
Rich: I heard there are some in the chemistry labs. Is that true?
Shane: Yeah. I haven't been in the chemistry labs. But there are special ones. You yank on a chain and spray the bad chemicals off your skin.
Tim: They're extra fun because you get bells going off when you use it.
Shane: To sign up you just put some noxious chemicals on yourself, and they'll let you use it.
Rich: It's like a trade-off. Be smelly or be clean and have burns.

Student Voice

My nonexistent teaching career

by Dorina Franca Germinario

So it's the beginning of November again and I'm paying my annual BC College of Teachers Certification Maintenance Fee. When this expires, I'll finally be done with the "teaching karma" that has spent a decade following me around like a piece of gooey gum on the bottom of my shoe.

Back in high school, I remember how everyone got involved in my future: "Be a teacher, be a teacher," they all said. They told me about the security, the two months off in the summer, the benefits.

Rather than taking the risk of believing in my art, music and many languages spoken, I convinced myself that I could help children.

I could be a good teacher. It was a practical choice, a safe choice, and in the next five years many teachers would be retiring, they said. Four years and many thousands of dollars later, I received a Bachelor of Education degree.

And what misfortune I've had in my life since then!

Feeling unsure, I decided to begin by "teaching my way around the world."

My first fearful stop was England. I was told I needed more qualifications – an eight-week, $1,600 TOEFL course.

In Hungary, I needed a work visa. In Turkey, I needed a man to keep me safe.

In Victoria, I've needed everything but what I already have.

I had a wonderfully positive and encouraging teaching experience at a Tibetan Buddhist monastery in Nepal. Working with the nuns, I became confident of my teaching abilities and looked forward to continuing on in my homeland. However, I was uncomfortable with the competitive edge.

In my youthful idealism, I believed that if I was a Canadian and had a Canadian teaching degree, I should be welcome to work anywhere in my homeland.

Yet my first attempt to join the local public school sub list was thwarted by their screening process:

"Where did you receive your degree?" said the lady on the phone.

"Alberta," I responded.

"Sorry, we're not accepting any new teachers."

The next time, they seemed to have no time to process papers from another province. But they generously hired me to work at a much-reduced wage as a T.A.

After I noticed how promptly new university graduates were processed onto the TOC list, I made a complaint. Apparently the main dude was 'busy' and my certification with the BC College of Teachers – which by then had already cost me about $700 – couldn't do a thing for me because I was an 'unemployed teacher,' and therefore in limbo land.

When I complained to the teachers' union, they told me "Victoria only hires the best." When I finally did get an answer from someone as to why my application hadn't been reviewed, apparently my qualifications weren't needed. They disregarded my present qualifications for teaching secondary school English and told me to "get more training in special needs."

So I got some extra training and reapplied, with the assistance of the Victoria Human Rights Coalition, as someone who has conflict management, mediation, multi-lingual, and cross-cultural training skills.

After passing the receptionist's initial test of: "Where did you receive your degree?" and a lengthy emotional process of attempting to prove my worth, I was rejected because "so many others were being laid off." As of last May, supposedly they were only hiring people with French and Sciences on the TOC list.

Countless underpaid and overqualified positions later, I sit here in a state of career paralysis that has gripped me probably since the first day I walked onto that education campus.

I could have been a good teacher. Kids like me. But instead I will be losing my BC College of Teachers Certification next year because I haven't held a formal position within the field over the last decade, nine years of which were spent here in Victoria.

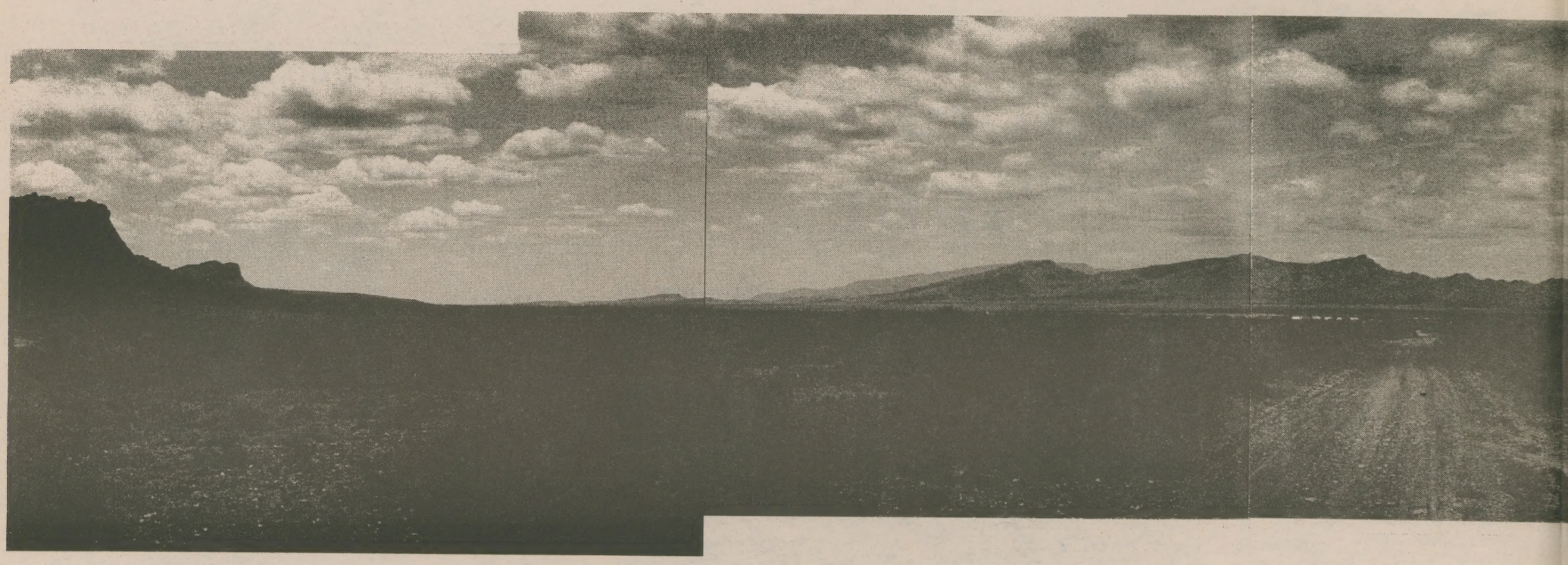
If I really valued my teaching career, I could have chased a job down in the Yukon. I could have walked into a teaching job in Winnipeg, with my aunt as a principal.

I could have volunteered more, smiled more, cut my hair, got a nose job, changed my name... I could have done many things. Instead I got married, had a baby, bought a house, and made a life here in Victoria.

Thanks to my career as an unemployed teacher, the last decade has led to many exciting roads. And I realize now that I'm not a huge group person, and the actuality of teaching 25 kids, seven classes a day, is not suitable to my nature. I can live with taking a decade to figure that out. But what I can't live with is all the excuses and bullshit that people have fed me along the way.

Everywhere you go, it's whom you know over what you know. Victoria is no different.

But who is the one still spreading the rumors that a bombardment of teachers will be retiring within the next five years?



An oil sl

by Zoë Bake-Paterson

On the way back to my room, walking through ankle-high grass, I see it. A scaly beige scorpion in the dry grass, its thumb-sized body marching through the dust. I back up as it stops near my boot, pincers forward and snapping. The tail curls out, the venomous tip twitches. I freeze. It waits for a few minutes, ready for attack, before marching off through the grass. I walk away cautiously, tip-toeing along the path, aware of the many holes in my tattered hiking boots.

The air stirs as a battered pickup truck rolls into the compound. Brown dust funnels upward in a small sandstorm, coating every surface. Our escorts have arrived - five men in heavy camouflage uniforms creased with dust, automatic rifles slung over their shoulders. They pile down from the truck. There are no apologies for their two-hour delay; nothing said at all, simply a nod and smile as we are introduced one by one, 10 anxious and eager Canadians, now a shade darker as the dust mixes with sweat. The large man with the lopsided smile is Kennedy, the leader. The man we obey at all costs.

They inspect our gear - 10 bags each weighing less than 70 kilograms, two boxes of filtered water and enough food for a couple of days. Sitting on a wooden picnic table, I am impatient to leave, having already gone through this inspection as we waited for the delayed escorts. I see another scorpion in the grass.

Even here in the Norwegian Peoples Aid compound in Lokichoggio, the town in northwestern Kenya where we have slept for the last two nights, the environment is harsh and unforgiving. It was easy to forget about the scorching heat and choking dust when I looked at the soft, green mountains at dawn. Now everything looks stark. Red-brown dirt and powder-dry green bushes cover the landscape.

When the guards finally arrive I find new entertainment in a two-inch long yellow and brown gecko. It runs up my arm, clinging to the edge of my shirt. In the bustle of the truck arriving and my fellow travellers moving, the gecko leaps into the folds of my long skirt, a vanishing flash of yellow on blue. I hope it is gone.

It is late morning and the Kenyan sun is relentless. Already hot enough to fry an egg on the hood of the Land Rover - which is apparently how some of the military in this area cook. The Rover windows barely crack open and dust adds to the thickness of the warm air. We follow the armed escorts from the Kenyan military through the dirt roads of Lokichoggio.

Behind us, barely visible through the window painting of a donkey, is another Land Rover with the other half of our group. We are quite a spectacle, driving through this extremely rural community of Kenya, such a large convoy of obvious foreigners. Being white adds to the show. The people of Loki are used to solitary foreigners, for this tiny village has become the International Aid headquarters for non-governmental organizations assisting the war-torn, drought-stricken, impoverished areas of North Eastern Africa. Even the local international NGO workers stop and stare.

In Kenya, I am used to stares. By my own standards we are an unlikely clump of people, in theory one from each province. But following suit with Canadian federal politics, the prairies are represented as one area, the territories are underrepresented and Ontario is overrepresented. So we are 10.

We are strangers as much to each other as to this place. Other than one weekend in Toronto, we have had no contact with each other, although here we travel in community. Our common bond is that we are Canadian. A delegation called to witness and learn about international refugee situations, specifically the civil war in Sudan. The title glosses over the individual people in the group: seven students, an actor, a youth minister and a refugee worker. We are broken into security groups of three. I am paired with two other women – Julie, a student at UBC who is a few years older than me, and Heather, who works in Toronto in Immigration and Refugee Advocacy for the United Church of Canada and has been to Kenya five years earlier. At 20, I am the youngest of the 10. It is my first time off the continent. And I am the only one who has been held at gunpoint before this trip (an incident in Guatemala in 1997).

The vehicles slow, approaching a military checkpoint, the last line of defence before the Sudanese border. We leave the relatively smooth dirt roads - flattened by NGO supply lorries and four-wheel-drive jeeps. The familiar sound of a cargo plane buzzes loudly overhead, returning from a drop in Sudan. It's a reminder that we are headed into an area where even UN aid convoys are illegal, banned by the fundamentalist Islamic regime that controls Northern Sudan. From my window, I see a sign, warning in Kiswahili, Arabic and English that taking photos within sight of the checkpoint is a criminal offence.

A dozen men in camouflage mill around the wooden supports and rubber tires lining the road. A group of Sudanese men stand under a precariously set-up shelter. Their faces are streaked with sweat in the weak shade, the only shade for miles in this semi-desert land. The guards by the road wave us forward with their guns; our escorts pause to chatter with them. I know very little Kiswahili but catch a surprised "Why?" and "Where?" from the guards, along with some excited gesturing towards us.

There has been constant surprise from the people we've met in Kenya when we have mentioned that we plan to travel to Sudan, the New Sudan. This independent territory, the southern third of Sudan, claimed by the Sudanese People's Liberation Army/Movement (SPLA/SPLM), has been an area of war for decades. Islamic North against Christian and animist South. Sudan hosts the longest civil war in history. Only days ago, I walked through Kakuma Refugee Camp and watched the distress on the faces of Sudanese refugees, who make up 80 per cent of the refugee population in Kakuma, as they heard our group's plans to travel to the war zone. Two young men who tell us stories of living in Sudan make it clear that in Sudan, if something goes wrong, you're walking out. They can both recall men, members of the SPLA, walking hundreds of kilometres with bullet wounds to find medical aid at the refugee camp in Kenya.

I talk myself out of imagining WWII bombing blitzes and trench warfare, and replace them with images of land mines and machine guns. I hope my imagination is exaggerating until one of our military escorts reminds us to walk within tire treads to avoid the possibility of mines. And seeing young men, boys really, lined up with AK47's and camouflage pants, reminds me again how volatile this area is. But less than 45 minutes from the border, there is little to see except an expanse of dusty terrain marked by distant shadowy mountains and an occasional brown termite tower – a hollow column of packed mud, cemented by the hot sun. Other than our escorts there is no evidence of military activity.

Narus, Sudan's most southern town, is the last stop for refugees fleeing across the border to find safety in other countries. It blossoms with patched-together housing and colourful NGO tarp as people migrate towards the Kenyan border, but hesitate in making the final move out of their country. Our driver tells us that the place used to be tiny – not even a village until oil became an issue in the war in the 1980s. Then the military began clearing the people of the South off the land, destroying food crops and killing villages of people, ending a lifestyle of nomadic herding to make space for a railway and oil testing.

Companies from China, Malaysia, and Canada began to build and operate oil wells, paying the northern government for protection from the paramilitary in the South.

I remember hearing in Nairobi from a group involved with Operation Lifeline Sudan (OLS), a UN aid project, that more than a million Sudanese have become refugees. Narus is now flooded with internally displaced people, thousands waiting for the war to end so they can return home.

I stare out the window at the endless desert as the Rover bumps determinedly over

"You are from Canada? We are at with Canada! You are our enem

photo by Zoë Bake-Paterson

ick on the road to Sudan

this road, trying to forget the possibilities of bombs, mines, bandits and paramilitary. I have been told repeatedly, it will come soon enough. We are entering desperate times with desperate people, comforted only by the reassurances that we are guests, peace-keepers, called to witness the stories here. How else to justify the money its taken to come here and the food tied to the roof of the Land Rover when people in this area pick individual grains of rice out of the dirt?

Caught in my imagining, I miss the U-turn of the escort truck and am jolted by the roaring four-by-four off-roading as it swerves around our vehicle. Jackson our driver says they have gone back for the other Land Rover, which is nowhere in sight. Fifteen minutes later, Kennedy walks back to us. There has been a breakdown. He climbs on to the back bumper and we turn back, wobbling over the rutted dirt. The other Land Rover appears around a curve, hood raised and engine smoking. I clamber out into the sun, quick to stretch my cramped legs though we have only been on the road for half an hour.

The guards quickly warn us: never step outside of car tread marks because of land mines; under no circumstances photograph the guards; if the truck isn't fixed soon, the guards will leave because they have a pick-up at the border.

While a string of guards and our two drivers attempt to fix the vehicle, we mill about, finally deciding to re-pack all our gear onto the roof of the other Land Rover in case we all need to squish in. I clamber to the roof, helping to strap bags down with small bits of rope and bandanas. Kennedy stands at the bumper, passing bags up in his woolly green sweater while I sweat through my white cotton shirt. He points left to face the closest mountain range, says that those mountains are in Ethiopia. Straight ahead is Kenya, Lokichoggio and further to the right is the northern part of the Great Rift Valley. He points to the vast red desert plains marked with dry prickly green shrubs; the distant mountains are in Uganda. Behind me is Sudan. I take a sequence of photos that scan the scene, a panoramic of "the four corners of North-Eastern Africa," as he describes in broken English. It's picturesque from a distance. It's easy to forget that the refugees I met at the camp refer to this suffocating hot land as Hell. A remote and barren land where they have been left to wait until one day, they can return home. Many have been waiting for over 10 years.

war
y."

Impatient and hot, the guards decide to abandon our broken vehicle. Equally impatient and anxious from watching where we step for fear of mines, 10 of us squish into the six-seat Land Rover along with Jackson our driver. He tells us that the border is really 45 miles away not 45 minutes, and the trip will take a while. I perch in the middle of the bench seat, knees knocking into everyone as the road turns from deep ruts to ravaged riverbed. Red earth rises on all sides as we lurch down embankments. There are no handholds so I bang repeatedly against the roof. Jackson tells us from the roomy driver's seat that this is the road hundreds of thousands of Sudanese have walked in their journey to safety.

In Kakuma refugee camp we walked past a wide empty riverbed with a metre-wide trickle. A dozen women from the camp had walked down to the water. They were filling their jugs while children splashed nearby. Our escort said that yesterday the riverbed was dry, but last night it rained in Uganda. Jolting along the riverbed-turned-road, I hoped desperately for no rain, realizing that even a shower in Uganda could bury us in mud.

An hour later, the Land Rover has threatened to roll so many times that we are experts in quick weight distribution, sprawling over laps to maintain balance. My body is bent over, huddled between others, coated with grime and nervous sweat. And just as I decide that the cramping is permanent our escorts honk loudly and pull to the side. The border.

It is quiet here. There are fewer uniformed guards than our military escort, but the presence of a smiling teenage boy in his Nike "Just Do It" t-shirt swinging an automatic rifle from one shoulder to the other is unnerving. Our Land Rover pulls into Sudan and we unload our bodies to stretch. One of the uniformed men escorts us to a small hut, its doorway only reaching to my shoulder. The customs office. A small man in a blue uniform sits behind a desk, writing in a pale blue notebook and ignoring us as we file in. A stack of rifles is heaped in the corner. I count more than 11 before he begins talking. We produce the temporary visas we picked up in Kenya allowing us to enter into the New Sudan as guests of the SPLA. Each carefully marked to say we are Kenyans.

It is a relief to stand in the shade, muggy though it is, smelling the earthy straw roof steam in the afternoon sun. The man at the desk tells us he is a general with the SPLA, while slowly matching our photos on the visas to our faces. He asks us about the weather in Nairobi and what we think of Kenya, so we talk about the trip and Heather talks about our plan to go to Narus. Despite the weapons stacked in the corner, I relax.

I turn towards the entrance of the hut, holding my visa in hand, as he warns us not to be caught with them by the North Sudan military. Casually, as an afterthought, he asks where we are from. We assuredly answer that we are Canadian.

"Halt!"

His barked command jars me. We all turn back to him and he stands. There is a gun in his hands. He paces the narrow room in front of us.

"You are from Canada? We are at war with Canada! You are our enemy."

He begins an interrogation. Do we know that Canada is at war with the New Sudan? Do we know that a Canadian oil company - Talisman Oil from Calgary - is responsible for killing thousands of Sudanese nomadic farmers? Do we know that hundreds of thousands of refugees are fleeing because of Canada buying weapons for Sudan?

No, we don't know.

From talking with Lloyd Axworthy, former Minister of Foreign Affairs before this trip, I heard Talisman Oil is under pressure to leave the oil industry in Sudan. The foreign oil companies are accused of turning a blind eye to the violence of the Northern military. Talisman Oil argues that if they pull out, another country with a worse human rights record would buy in. But Canada at war with Sudan?

It is a shock – one company representing all of Canada. The General makes a good argument though, comparing the millions of dollars paid to Sudan by Talisman and the millions of dollars spent funding the attacks on the New Sudan.

After a pleasant welcome to Sudan, guests of the local paramilitary, we have become potential prisoners of war, guilty by association. Polite peacekeeping Canadians. We are in solidarity with the New Sudan, we explain, there to witness their stories. To spy, he says.

That he considers us to be enemies is disturbing. Hated for our nationality, we get a taste of what so many people experience all over the world.

The General re-questions our itinerary while in Narus. Only after 30 minutes of questioning is he satisfied. We tell him none of us came from Alberta, that we have no contact with Talisman Oil – conveniently forgetting that our friends, family, and co-workers owned shares through many pension programs like the BC Teachers Federation. Not innocent, but far from guilty enough to be held. Or shot. We slink silently from the hut while he props himself against the desk, his gun raised, glaring at us.

We arrive in Narus five hours after we left Loki for a "45-minute drive." The town is cramped with huts and temporary tarp tents, dark brown earth packed down to make a smoother road. Some villagers swim in a small pond; others sit in small groups under the few leafy trees.

As I watch a bumblebee the size of my thumb fly along beside the car it is hard to picture this village as a war zone. Then, around the corner, we see the remains of a bombed out hospital, which I later learn was bombed on the day of my birthday earlier this year.

Some men by the road ask us where we are from when we slow to let some goats pass the road. There is a long pause before I say we are from North America. The fear and embarrassment of being from a country they see as the enemy is so strong that I would choose to deny it. For when they ask if I mean American, we are all quick to say yes. We are American. And the people smile and welcome us into their village.

This article is written about a trip in August-September 2001, when Talisman Oil was still operating in Sudan. As of Oct. 30, 2002, Talisman Oil has begun to withdraw from Sudan due to international pressure because of the civil war.

Name-drop this: *Masterworks* make for cultural dialysis

by Sarah Petrescu

photo submitted

Henri Matisse's (1869-1954) *Nude on a Yellow Sofa* was scouted by the chief curator for the National Gallery of Canada in Venice during one of Matisse's exhibitions, at which he was present.

You don't need a PhD in art history to recognize the names Van Gogh, Matisse, and Gaugin as some of the world's most famous artists. Their works have been subject to immeasurable renown and countless mass-produced reproductions. However, chances to see original pieces shown in the context of their time and among the works of their contemporaries are rare. Which is why it is imperative to take advantage of the Art Gallery of Greater Victoria's current show *Post-Impressionist Masterworks*.

The show, on tour from the National Gallery of Canada, is one of the most high-profile ever to come to Victoria.

"The works are of a great value," says AGGV director Pierre Arpin. The gallery has had to ensure a specific climate control for the show and has also stepped up security significantly.

The paintings in the show span four decades, from 1896-1927.

"This is a huge period," says Arpin. "It's the tail end of Impressionism to the rebirth of Classicism. The paintings are becoming much more expressive."

The range within the show is evident and impressive. The moniker "Post-Impressionism" does not refer to a specific style of the time, but rather includes a variety of stylistic groups, such as the Pointilists, Synthesists, Symbolists, and the Fauvist painters. Many of the styles and works in the show were cutting-edge for their time and have become recognizable pop-culture images. Nevertheless, the works "in the flesh" do not fail to impress. The cool, sombre room in which the main works are displayed provides for an almost sacred viewing setting. Which it undoubtedly is. Each piece carries the air of a momento mori of its creator, positioned for endless visitors to pay homage to and, hopefully, absorb some sense of their significance.

Arpin cites Cezanne's *Portrait of a Peasant* as his favourite piece in the show. It is also undoubtedly the most famous. "I think this figure still talks to us a hundred years later. It has such a presence," he says.

The once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to see such a collection has been well understood by Victorians and visitors. Attendance has been incredible, according to Arpin. "The benefit of such a high-profile show is that many people are coming to the art gallery, even for the first time. It is definitely increasing our visibility in the public eye," he says.

"This show is groundbreaking for us. We are very proud to have brought art of this calibre to our gallery."

Post-Impressionist Masterworks *runs until March 2 at the AGGV.*

Lord of the Rings: Because cool people are finally reading it

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The Dalton Camp Award

FRIENDS OF CANADIAN BROADCASTING

by Norman Ed Baskerville

Elves, hobbits, ents, orcs, and nerds. Yes, with the release of the second film in *The Lord of the Rings* trilogy these absurd, wonderful creatures have once again entered the lexicon of adults and children alike.

The film versions of J.R.R Tolkien's Middle Earth books have received commercial and critical success and the late author's books, originally published in 1954, are again on the best-seller lists. But why is this story so appealing? What is so alluring about a diminutive person's quest to destroy a piece of jewellery? Yeah, power corrupts, evil is bad and good as well. So what else is new?

When I first read *The Lord of the Rings* at age 12, the books sent my stagnant television-bred imagination into overdrive. The detailed, snail-like pacing of the prose seemed unnecessarily stilted at first, but eventually I found myself inexplicably interested when Tolkien strayed from the story to inform the reader on some seemingly irrelevant aspect of Middle Earth history. Indeed, that is a key quality of all good myths: make the audience interested in all aspects of a story and you will increase their emotional investment in its telling. Of course, this is easier said than done, but Tolkien, being a renowned linguistic scholar and a professor of English language and literature at Oxford University, had the skill to convincingly invent his alternate universe.

Tolkien created strange alphabets based loosely on Scandinavian languages, took his names from the Norse, Anglo-Saxon and Welsh, and borrowed story structure from such mythological archetypes as the early Scandinavian classic, *The Elder Edda*, and the Anglo-Saxon epic *Beowulf*. Tolkien's ridiculous world is somehow believable because it is rooted in real human culture.

Tolkien's work is a mythic masterpiece and, in accordance to the structure of myth, its themes are broad and timeless. On several occasions Tolkien voiced his annoyance with those who wished to peg his story as an allegory for the Second World War. He was creating a fantasy world. The author admitted that fairy stories and myth were something of an escape, but didn't see why there should not be an escape from the world of factories, machine-guns, and bombs.

"If you really want to know what Middle Earth is based on, it's my wonder and delight in the earth as it is, particularly the natural earth," Tolkien once said.

For nearly 50 years, *The Lords of the Rings* has provided readers with escape from the drudgery of our modern world by immersing them in Tolkien's fantasy realm. But now, since the release of the first movie in the trilogy last year, the epic tale is accessible to those without the patience for turning a page.

How can nine hours of film capture the expansive genius of *The Lord of the Rings*, 1200 plus pages, a book that took 14 years to write? Don't get me wrong, I love the films (Gollum in *The Two Towers* is one of the most compelling characters ever set to celluloid) and I can't imagine that a better cinematic interpretation could be possible. It's just that now every time a new reader picks up the book he or she will be influenced by that interpretation. The reader's imagination will not have to cast a picture of what the creatures and countries look like. The movie has already defined them. I suppose that fits in with one of *The Lord of the Rings*' central themes: that with every coming change, good and bad, there is loss, be it the environment to technological advancement or the beauty and nuance of the written word to the visceral visuals of film.

O.ther P.eople's P.roperty: young dirty bastards

by Mark Samcoe

Music class. Sixth grade. River Heights School. I had two options: learn violin in the school gym, or lip sync in front of the class. I couldn't read sheet music.

Enter the air guitar.

My first performance - kiddie-chanteuse Charlotte Diamond's "Je Suis un Pizza" - led to a school assembly gig. The next week's performance – mouthing the words to Tommy James and the Shondells' "Crimson and Clover," while chalking the four-leafed weeds on the chalkboard – drew defeating stares from peers more attuned to Sinead O'Connor and Technotronic than a 60s revival.

So I lost myself. In the music. The Fresh Prince. MC Hammer. Kish.

But I couldn't do it alone. I needed Lee.

While most everyone had to bus to school, Lee lived close enough to walk. He lived near the Snack Shack, a confectionary and arcade a couple of blocks from school. In second grade, kids had given him milk money in exchange for jawbreakers and sour keys. Parents got quick to the sugar rush, blitzed the principal with phone calls, and Lee's noon-hour candy runs got sacked.

It was a bum rap. Lee took the fall for our sweet-toothed urgings. But it gave him street cred, which was why I approached him about collaborating.

Names came first. We needed proper introductions to our identities before we could front, or sport Adidas shell-toes.

I copped Fresh-Wes's title, becoming the Maestro, and Lee became Lenny. We wrote our lyrics out on looseleaf, and memorized them. We never considered freestyling, nor beatboxing or rapping over Casio beats. We went acapella, a back-and-forth banter of "My name is..." and "We're here to say..."

That summer, like every other summer, I spent several weeks at my grandparents' South Saskatchewan farm. As usual, I was joined by several cousins in walking dirt roads, swimming in lakes, building treehouses and playing baseball. We were slaves to the verb.

That summer. It was 1992.

We were white and, for a while, rural. We were victims of nothing but our own curiosity. We ran a butter knife blade between posing and pimping.

It was Tre's idea. He was into Ice-T, Ice Cube and Boyz N The Hood. He wore a black tee – the word Dope globbed across the front. He was from Esquimalt, a Victoria municipality ghettoized by gossip and folklore. His 'hood's influence, if it had any, wasn't apparent to the rest of us. We happily engaged in any of his entrepreneurial ventures. Tre had previously led us in converting the farmhouse basement into the Hudson Bay Pub and a haunted house.

Fresh P was my brother and brotha. The eldest by a year, the freshest by generations. His moniker culled from his playing name on California Games, where he ruled on the half-pipe. He was our RZA, our Dre.

Tree Stump was a guest appearance at best, akin to Ol' Dirty Bastard stumbling into the studio where Pras and Mya were recording "Ghetto Supastar." Stump was mostly concerned with his oft-changing name. It was a reference to the Minnesota Twins' then-star outfielder Kirby Puckett, whose body – short and stocky – Tree thought most closely resembled a cloven trunk. A day later, he was Google Fat, and on another day, Google Noisemaker.

King Clap was an oxymoron: the court jester as monarch. The group's least serious member. His talent? Handclaps. Had the group stayed on track, his facetious attitude would've led to blows, or at least a threat from the unloaded BB gun Tree Stump held like a newborn.

I was Jack Frost. Through my walkman's foam saucer headphones I heard 2 Live Crew sing "Me So Horny" and "Put Her in the Buck."

Inside the tent trailer, coddled by curtains and cushions blotched orange and brown, we sat sipping Coke rustled from the farmhouse basement's Frigidaire – handle the size of an adult's forearm – writing lyrics in the vein of N.W.A and Public Enemy. It was hardly Cristal, and we were hardly Chuck D's, but everything bubbled, and that's all that mattered

At night, we broiled. The barn wore its outside light like a moon, keeping the trailer out of darkness. Tre made up stories, usually about Clap's girl: a svelte valley girl whose sentences ended in "and junk." Crude comments followed, directed at the crickets racketing outside, the ceaseless heat, the suspected flatulant one and the solitary mosquito whining around our ears. Sleep was achieved out of frustration.

My sleeping bag smelled of rotten wheat. A stomach-curdling rank, which drove me to take on a vengeful, angered persona: L'il T-Pot.

But as quickly as we'd taken to rap, we abandoned it.

We left the sheets of paper about the trailer, and, rumour has it, the pages were discovered by a parent.

We were never punished.

Nothing was said of it. It's like the *Sports Illustrated* Swimsuit Issue my brother and I never received despite our subscription.

That was the last summer we all spent together. I don't remember any of the lyrics.

It's just like that.

That fall, motivated by the honour roll, I would stoop to self-parody in health class. I would join three classmates in examining stereotypes by wearing our clothes backwards and rapping about nerds, to the tune of Naughty By Nature's "OPP."

Other People's Property.

Maybe, that's what it was.

Question:
What do **Tegan and Sara**, **Remy Shand**, **Ember Swift**, **Beth Orton**, **Danko Jones**, **Hot Hot Heat**, **Rae Spoon**, and **Andrew W.K.** all have in common?

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previews...reviews...previews

Run to the hills: Eddie's back in town

Iron Maiden
Edward the Great
Sony

by Graham Walker

Iron Maiden is arguably the greatest heavy metal band ever to don studs and spandex and, in some die-hard circles, outshine even the Beatles for the title of top British export.

That is why their new greatest hits album, *Edward the Great,* commemorating the band's 25th anniversary, is a milestone – not only for fans of the Brit-metal genre, but for the entire human race.

Think about it.

For the last 25 years Iron Maiden have been giving us their all; pumping out over a dozen albums, playing thousands of sold out shows for millions of head-banging fans and never once letting stardom compromise their integrity.

Isn't it nice to know that in this increasingly fast-paced, rat-race world, someone out there is still concerned with the finer points of time travel, clairvoyance, and the exploits of Egyptian gods?

Since most true Maiden fans already own the majority of tracks found on *Edward the Great* the compilation is meant more as an initiation for newcomers to Maiden lore.

The album offers a good cross-section of hits, spanning albums from 1982's *The Number of the Beast* through 2000's *Brave New World*, and gives voice to both Maiden frontman Bruce Dickenson, and his less-notable and temporary replacement Blaze Bayley.

The only glaring omissions worth noting are "Aces High" from 1984's *Powerslave* and "The Phantom of the Opera" from the early days with original Maiden frontman Paul Di'Anno.

So whether you're a veteran Maiden-head paying tribute to your gods, or a heavy metal virgin looking to expand your musical horizons and knowledge of Armageddon prophecy, *Edward the Great* is definitely one for the collection.

Most non-triumphant: Pumpkins no longer smashing

Smashing Pumpkins
Earphoria
Virgin Records

by Rich Cole

I remember the first time I ever heard the likes of Billy Corgan and his Smashing Pumpkins. It was summer vacation, 1994. Just like every other afternoon, I was in my parents' basement watching *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. However, just as the Wyld Stallyns were transported into the future via telephone booth, my brother barged in front of the tube.

"Dude, check out this new CD," he said switching off the T.V.

"What the fuck?" I yelled. "I'm watching *Bill and Ted's*!"

Ignoring me, my big brother opened the new CD and stuck it in the stereo. "Listen to it."

He cranked the volume and the lyrics "Disarm you with a smile and cut you like you want me too," filled my parents' basement. Unlike the Wyld Stallyns, these guys could actually play. I liked it. No, I loved it. In fact, I haven't watched *Bill and Ted's* since.

Now almost a decade and five albums later, the Smashing Pumpkins have just released *Earphoria*, a tribute to their roots. The album features such early favourites as "Disarm" and "Soma," taped at their live shows. I use the word "taped" because the majority of the album's recording really sucks. Let me describe it: The epic song "Today" is butchered by recording noise so loud that it sounds like cracking Jiffy Pop mixed with some musical instruments, but you can't really make out which ones.

To top it off, on songs like "I am One," Corgan's voice sounds so monotone that Doctor Kevorkian could probably have belted out a more heartfelt version. Yet, the whole album is not a complete wash. The tracks "Soma" and "Mayonaise" really are great. These two songs have been available on the Internet for a while, but this is the first time their live versions have been introduced to CD.

So I guess the real question is, should you buy the new disc as a last chapter of the Smashing Pumpkins, or just download the two decent live songs and save some dough?

Too bad their CDs have come down to a question of economics. Previous discs like *Mellon Collie and the Infinite Sadness* were priceless.

However, with this latest album of rehashed hits they have left their audience no choice. The Smashing Pumpkins are possibly the ugliest band in rock and roll. It will take a lot more than just two decent tracks and some filler to keep their fans, bank accounts, Corgan's ego and (insert bitter dis of choice here) afloat.

With *Earphoria*, we see the pathetic departure of one of the most talented bands of all time. Too bad.

Let me know when Billy gets off this anti-corporate rock kick and actually puts his bitter angst to good use by recording a new CD.

Yup, thanks for the great decade, Smashing Pumpkins. It was great while it lasted. I'm off to rent *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure* and practice some of that futuristic air guitar.

Rockin' out grandma-style with the Organ

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by Zoë Bake-Paterson

You're 16, in your buddy's rec room, sitting on a cement floor and leaning on wood-paneled walls. A band is set up in the corner, playing a set of easygoing tunes. The sound has got a little angst mixed with upbeat good-times songs and the room is full of adolescents. Your foot's tappin', head's bobbin' and the band has got the crowd's attention.

This is what it feels like to hear the Organ.

The five-member band of quirky women from Vancouver have been playing their "new new wave" music since February 2002. Think hormones and desperation. A goofy grin and your first crush. The music catches a moody pop style.

The band describes their sound as being something you can "think and dwell to... and dance to at the same time." If they were emo – as they are often called – it would be soft girl style. A classic drums-bass-guitar team, mixed with the eerie melody of an organ.

"It's kind of one of those things in your grandma's house that you didn't know you could rock out to," says drummer Shelby Stocks, explaining why the band is named after the instrument. "It's really unique, because they're hard to find."

The Organ has done a number of shows in Victoria, playing with local bands including Frog Eyes and Hot Hot Heat, and the shows always draw a crowd.

"Katie Sketch is an amazing singer," says Carlin Dunsmoor-Farley, the bassist for Gland Factor, which is playing with the Organ and the Panic at Thursday's Pub this weekend. "They're great girls... and the music, it's really danceable."

The Organ, the Panic and Gland Factor play Thursday's Pub Jan. 11.

Hardscratch Row
Anne Cameron
Harbour Publishing

by Jessica Verhagen

Though it's a good read and contemplates family issues, such as who a child's true parents are, one has to wonder how realistically Anne Cameron's new novel *Hardscratch Row* depicts family life.

Cameron claims to be "a chronicler of the contemporary West Coast family," but the one she focuses on in *Hardscratch Row* overdramatizes such a plethora of problems that it becomes unbelievable.

The story revolves around the intricate families of six adult siblings, who are unsure of their own parents. As the novel progresses, glimpses of their past are given. The reader slowly develops an idea of what their lives were like and how the past has influenced the present.

The siblings are raised by their grandmother – in most cases, not a biological grandmother.

Most of them suffer from depression; additionally, Glen is terminally ill with AIDS contracted from his partner Greg, and Lucy has some sort of degenerative disease.

Kitty rescued a child from a burning vehicle and adopts him with her lover, Christie. Savannah raises five children by more than one father, including three brothers.

Only one sibling, Celia, lives with children that she and her husband produced. Jimmy has no children; he's too busy overcoming his own demons through his artwork and his girlfriend.

Cameron skillfully changes narrators, back and forth from the six siblings to their significant others and their children. However, the complicated plot is difficult to follow and can be frustrating at times, especially when combined with the changing speakers.

Each of the siblings' stories is intriguing, but Cameron only touches upon each. This results in a lack of character development, again taking away from the realism Cameron seems to be striving for. It also leaves the reader wondering about the motives behind some of the characters' decisions.

Furthermore, the overly colloquial language becomes redundant and even annoying. The limited range makes it challenging to express the complex emotions and situations the characters face.

Overall, *Hardscratch Row* is interesting, because the reader gets to unravel the mysteries of the characters' pasts, but falls short of its potential.

ang a gong: *Guide* gives straight goods on a bent subject

zanne Beaubien

oofy Foot Press's *Guide to g it On* has been heralded as ltimate boinking bible," giving s "five orgasms out of five!" ee editions now.

We at the *Martlet* thought we'd put the tome to the test and gave it to four readers, two guys and two gals, to see what they had to say, a la reader's comments style.

So, can one book really cover it all?

Patrick, age 21: "Other books will have a token chapter on homosexuality, but this one has elements all the way through."

Suzanne, age 24: "It's not just a sex manual. It's a sexuality manual. *TGTGIO* examines issues of sexism, gender politics, and sex laws. It even has a chapter on sex for the handicapped."

TGTGIO features detailed line drawings.

Pornographic? Or informational?

Patrick: "Very artistic, but not technical enough. I need directions. I want 'figure # 1 shows blah, blah, blah...'"

The writing style is true to the Goofy Foot name; cheeky and irreverent.

Verdict:

Patrick: "There's a lot of humour in there. But again, not enough specifics. I need something more like a Hanes mechanics manual."

But is it informative?

Sarah: "I definitely took it seriously. It's like a very good craft book. A recipe book. But I skipped over parts. I went straight to 'Popsicles and Penises.'"

What about techniques?

Sarah: "The steps were hard to remember. It makes it complicated."

Mark, age 23: "I don't think my parents ever had the 'talk' with me, so the book definitely makes up for that."

Shortcomings, er, so to speak:

Mark: "It was a bit intimidating sometimes. It made me realize that it's not as easy as doing this and that. It is definitely more complicated."

Best chapter to recommend to a partner:

Mark: "'Sunsets, Orgasms, and Hand-Grenades.' It says that orgasm is not always the ultimate goal in sex. It is an empowering section; it doesn't coerce or coax. It says that sex is not all about getting off."

Suzanne: "'Vulvas and Honeypots.' Read it before you go downtown. Please."

So, does size matter?

Suzanne: "It's really thick! Like two inches wide!"

Patrick: "Yeah, it's not exactly pocket-sized."

TGTGIO is 704-pages long, has 51 chapters and a 33-page glossary.

Overall?

Suzanne: "This book will be required reading for all my future partners."

Patrick: "It promotes having fun. It's somewhere two people can kind of be kids and play around."

Sarah: "I think learning new things that can please your partner will make you want to communicate and explore. Once you try something new it opens new doors for you."

Mark: "When I first picked it up I went to the back and looked up 'love' in the index. It had 'love' as pg.1-704, which is the whole book. I thought that was really cool."

Win a copy of TGTGIO*'s companion book,* The Guide to Great Dates. *Just drop by the* Martlet *office (SUB B011) and ask that special someone out with a "Hey You!" announcement - on us.*

Writing, traveling and suing publishers

into the Night
n Quon Ellis
cock Park

rina Sark

g for a diverse literary experience alize your intellectual palette? John *ll into the Night* is a book that will window into a sea of human ns.
book, a collection of short stories, es a variety of situations in which are faced with their own fears and joys.

Whether it is an old woman reliving her once-true love, or a lonely man who lost his wife, or three young boys discovering the perplexity of life while balancing the incredible world of a child's imagination with everyday reality, the stories offer a rich flavour for every taste.

Born and raised in Victoria, Ellis is a fourth-year English student at UVic. *Fall into the Night* is his first book, written over a period of one year, and published last September.

"After my second year at the university I took a year off to write the book," Ellis says. "I just knew I could do it."

"I like writing," says Ellis, who is currently working on his second book of short stories. "I can't imagine working a traditional job and being told what to do. I like the independence. I think any other lifestyle (besides this one) would be boring... but I'm just starting."

When asked about how he got his first collection of stories published, Ellis said, "I showed the first two stories to the first publisher, which they liked, and I signed a contract. But then the publisher went out of business, and now I'm suing them."

Without any previous experience in the book industry, Ellis had to learn to do the whole publishing process on his own.

As a result, he became more self-sufficient. However, the experience, he points out, was not a smooth one.

"What I'm doing now is the best vehicle to learn – more than I learn at school – in terms of dealing with people and business," Ellis explains. "I did not have a good time with that book at all. Other than writing it, it was hell."

When asked where his inspiration and stories come from, Ellis answers, "I don't know. I usually have the skeleton of a story in my head, then sit down and create the characters and fill them out."

"There is a manipulating aspect in writing that I am aware of as a writer," Ellis explains. "It is particularly strong in the first short story, 'Darl Fitzgerald.' The story has a great deal of control over the reader."

Ellis's style of writing is soothingly captivating, with rich and colourful images and descriptions.

"It is frightening to write a story with a lot of stream-of-consciousness. It is easier to write a structured story," Ellis admits. "I feel a little regretful about the book because I fell into it, I didn't realize how far I can go. I did as much research as I could, but whether it is enough I don't know – it's hard to let that go."

As he gets older and more experienced, Ellis finds that he is able to produce works that are deeper.

"Writers are outside of the regular system of the world," he says.

"Writers watch from a distance and write about the exciting aspects of that world. But writing can also be very painful."

After graduation, Ellis plans to travel. He is fascinated by the richness of awareness that comes with traveling, and would like to go up north to the Yukon.

"It's amazing there," he says. "What is great about traveling is that you find out how many things you don't know. When you're in a foreign place you have to compensate by learning and getting used to that place. I went to Sri Lanka and there was civil war, and it was amazing how you can adjust to that in a day. I would like to live there one day. There is something about it – starker contrasts."

The Belfry gets *Proof*

by Graham Walker

The media was abuzz last week with the Belfry Theatre's announcement of the star-studded cast to appear in its upcoming production of *Proof*.

The Gemini Award-winning star of CBC's *DaVinci's Inquest*, Nicholas Campbell, will star as Robert in David Auburn's Pulitzer Prize-winning play. Campbell, who has worked with such names as David Cronenberg and Sir Laurence Olivier, will be returning to the stage after a 15-year theatrical hiatus.

Thea Gill, the star of Showtime's *Queer as Folk*, will also appear in the production. Gill has an extensive list of film, television and theatre credentials, having worked on *Tornado Warning* opposite Gerald McRaney and Joan Van Ark; *Sightings: Heartland Ghost* with Beau Bridges and Nia Long; and *Trial of a Serial Killer* with Chris Penn, to name just a few.

Rounding out the cast are Vancouver's Colleen Wheeler and Victoria's Jay Hindle.

Directed by Brian Richmond, Proof *will play at the Belfry from April 8 to May 4. Tickets range in price from $16-$29, and can be purchased by visiting or calling the Belfry Box Office at 385-6815.*

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White hot road rocket

photo provided

by Tamas Virag

Everyone has a favourite car. A park-throwing lowrider, a mint restored woodie wagon. Some enthusiasts get emotional at the sight of a rumbling muscle car, whereas the next guy or gal falls in love with the refined look of an import.

As diverse as these tastes are, every once in a while a car comes along that transcends the conventional boundaries and impresses everyone, not by simply mixing in a little bit of everything, but by appealing to all of the enthusiast's senses. Case in point: the 2000 Toyota Celica GT-S owned by Alex Hui, a third year biochemistry student at UVic. Alex bought the car brand new and wasted no time improving on the already striking looks and breathtaking performance of his Toyota.

Outside, Alex decided to go with a Toyota Racing Development (TRD) body kit that is well complimented by a Rod Millen carbon fiber spoiler. Other visual improvements came in the form of Altezza taillights and clear front signals. Pop the super-cool carbon-fiber hood and a squeaky-clean 1.8L four cylinder engine welcomes you. This engine is completely cutting-edge with such high-tech features as variable valve timing as well as intake length (VVTL-i).

In stock trim, it produces 180hp and revs to an impressive 8200RPM.

Naturally, Alex couldn't leave the engine alone either, and helped it breathe easier with a Blitz cold-air intake and a TRD exhaust that sounds mellow yet powerful. Shifting duties are handled by a four-speed manumatic transmission.

Of course, power is nothing without control. To address this issue, the Celica rides on Progress performance springs, and strut bars were employed front and back to sharpen the handling.

To complete the package, Alex went with unique 17" 5Zigen Inperio M-05 wheels wrapped in sticky 215/40ZR17 Dunlop tires. The already superb brakes were left stock.

Close the hood, open the door and a space-age interior welcomes you.

Perhaps the most striking part of this interior is the pair of Sparco racing seats that are so supportive it's a challenge to get out of them. The steering wheel and instrument panel were left stock, but tunes are now played through a Panasonic CD player with 3-D display.

Other electronic gadgets include a Blitz Turbo timer, an A'pexi engine controller and neon footwell lights. The artist formerly known as the ashtray is now home to the switches for the underbody strobe lights.

Alex, an active member of the local car community has participated in many races at Western Speedway as well as other venues and entered his fair share of car shows. Six first-place finishes in his race class in 2002 and the Best Interior trophy at the 2002 Island Import Show are solid proof that this Celica is an all-around hit.

Future plans for the car include Koni sport shocks, an AEM big brake kit and Progress sway bars; proof that you can, indeed, improve on perfection.

Spot the gym dandy!

Martlet sportswriter Erin Gallagher points out the major players at your local fitness centre/nightclub-with-the-lights-on. Look closer.

by Erin Gallagher

It's January. It's cold. Going for a run after school is no longer an enjoyable endeavor. You're out there in scarf and mittens, wondering why you feel pain when you inhale, your nostrils frozen shut. You're more likely to enjoy a workout session at the local gym. It's a wonderful place to go, get fit and try not to look too stupid in the process. Like these people:

photo by Jocelyn Beyak

Students at the Ian Stewart Complex work hard to shed those excess holiday pounds.

The Social Butterfly –

This person walks in, goes for the free weights and works their jaw muscles.

They lift their weights (usually small) a couple of times, grimacing and breathing heavily. Following a gruelling rep of two, they take a long walk to get water, chatting and checking themselves out in the mirror.

The Butterfly is apt to gab at someone who sweats profusely and breathes so fast they can't respond.

If someone comes over to me on the treadmill and asks what my thoughts on life are, after I've spent 20 minutes trying to concentrate on staying upright, I'm pissed.

It's especially embarrassing if the person you think is a "gym hottie" fits into this group. Not only do you worry about your appearance and what you are saying, but also about maintaining a steady pace. Our brain can't easily focus its attention solely on one task, and then suddenly switch to two or three, without losing ability in some area. I've witnessed people lose their balance, or rip the "emergency stop" cord out in a desperate attempt to maintain a semi-coherent conversation.

The Fashion Guru –

Mostly ladies (although there are some men that fit into this category as well). The Guru scours the magazine table. Next, they look at the machines and try to calculate which one requires the least amount of movement and also comes equipped with a little ledge to hold their *Shape*.

The Guru wears all the latest in athletic gear, a high-tech discman, and a fancy water bottle, like the Evian Nomad: "New from Evian, the NOMAD, 4x4 deluxe series"; it's not a car, it's water!

Once they start to "work out," you look at everything below the waist, and it's not moving very fast at all, in fact, their fingers turning the pages are going at a faster pace. They continue with this slow-motion escapade for about 10 minutes. They then wipe their machine (in case any dampness has managed to escape their bodies), put the magazine back - now enlightened on the latest trends in fashion - and leave.

The Action Movie Star –

Do you remember Leonardo DiCaprio in *The Beach*? There's a scene when DiCaprio's character goes insane and views his life as a video game, running through the jungles of Thailand.

For the Action Movie Star, the gym doesn't exist. It's a a remote island inhabited by cannibals, a dark back alley, or a war zone in Beirut. And they are the hero and the spy. Motivated by their own hardcore music soundtrack.

They are blinded by sweat. Their muscles tear. They make it look real. That is, until the director yells "cut" (or the beeper on the treadmill tells them that their 30 minute limit on the cardio equipment is up).

The Hernia Lifter –

Veins swell from their heads. Their eyes bulge. They grind their teeth and screw their face into a terrifying reddish-purple form.

They enter the gym, totally pumped for a huge workout, only to find they have misplaced the super-strength that Superman lent to them.

Not to worry though, because curiously enough, their natural bench-pressing ability can be replaced by increased adrenaline, and an inability to comprehend how massive the weight they are about to lift is.

They grab hold of the bar, lift it out of the iron cradle, lower it about three inches then, feeling their body beginning to sway, grunt loudly and shove it back into the cradle. After this episode, the Lifter waits until enough oxygen has returned to their head before attempting to stand.

I know bulking up requires more weight and fewer reps, but this is obviously affecting (and damaging) more than just the targeted muscles.

The gym is a great place to meet new people (unless you fit into my group), get in shape and feel great. It's also an excellent place to observe people at their weirdest - perfect fodder for you sociology fiends.

When it's gross and rainy outside, and you're sick of endless hours in the library, there are always - to be discrete - interesting things going on at the gym.

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TUESDAY
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WEDNESDAY
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SOCCER

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SUNDAY COMP B
Law Lords
SUNDAY COMP A
Fabulous Terrors

ULTIMATE

TUESDAY REC
The Crocs
TUESDAY COMP B
Law Lords
THURSDAY REC
Wounded Gazelles
THURSDAY COMP A
TEAM 5

BASKETBALL

TUESDAY COMP A
TIER 1 Bombers
TIER 2 Who Bangin
TUESDAY COMP B
TIER 1 Sure Shots
TIER 2 Suspect Honkies
MONDAY REC
TIER 1 Diesel
TIER 2 Intravenous DJ Milo

SOFTBALL

First Captain, Second Pick

"That's why we're all-time"

The Martlet revisits the best sports stories of 2002

compiled by Mark Samcoe

Behold the mixed bag from last year's sports pages. It's kinda like a key party. We put all the stories in a fishbowl, drew an article, and made off for the cheap seats, locker rooms and the courtside press tables.

January 24

Then sports editor Craig Battle reported on another opinionated bout of dialogue between Money Ball columnists Booch and Mr. Morgan. In this round of verbal thumb-war, Paradise is found then lost again as they discuss UVic intramurals in Eden. These two gurus of the sports gab haven't been heard from since. Blame Boo for eating the apple.

"Grown-ups playing kid games?" Booch says. Silly." He goes on to complain about the prize T-shirt. Paltry.

Mr. Morgan responds, "It's not about the shirt. It's about fun. It's about fitness and health, I think. I'm pretty sure it's about meeting people. It's not about the shirt. It's about the love."

From there, things went awry. There was shame. Nudity. Fig leaves. Fig Newtons. And one of the most passionate self-aggrandizing speeches ever. It involved the particle theory of light. Just kidding. If you missed it, too bad. The bottom line, the moral: intramurals are fun. Get on it.

February 28

By now the Canadian men's gold medal victory in Salt Lake City may be little comfort next to the glitter the Junior Nats gave up to the Russians in Halifax last Sunday. But you can't deny Iain McLetchie's contribution to our collective national pride.

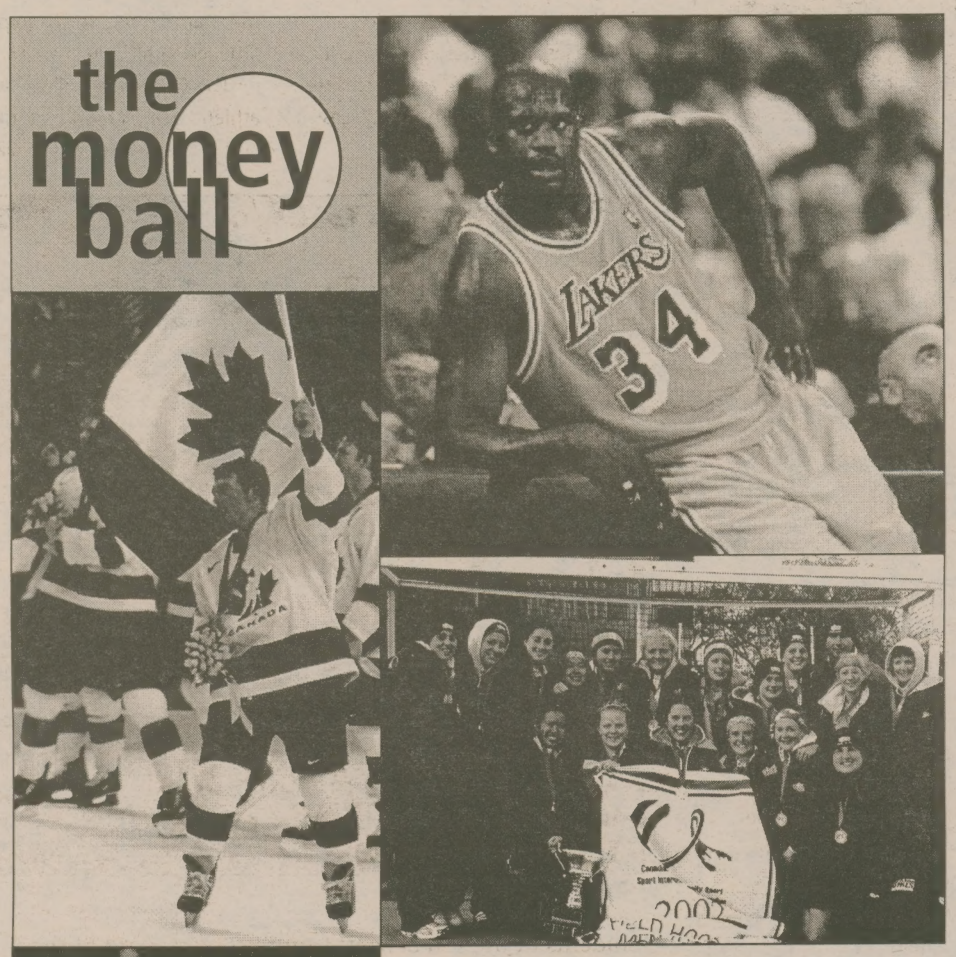
"Woe to the naysayers. Woe to the doubters and pessimists." Yeah, it's only hockey. Yeah. Only. As always, McLetchie told us so. And the women won too. Let's hope they don't have to go the same stretch (50 years) without a gold medal in order for them to achieve more attention. Through the shaky start, McLetchie had our back. "We may not have needed this game, like so many journalists liked to say," McLetchie wrote. "But it sure felt like we did."

March 21

"You should put that helmet on and let someone bang on your head."

And with that, a comment from Gwyn and Fritz, Julia Smith got medieval at the Daffodil Tournament, where several organizations including the UVic Medieval Club gathered at the Saanich Fair Grounds to showcase Middle Age combat.

Julia was ready to take up the sport until she witnessed her first fight.



Counter-clockwise from top left: Money Ball logo by Christina Harris, Theo Fleury photo provided, Medieval Melee photo by Julia Smith, Speedo graphic by Jeffrey Weston, Field Hockey photo by Pete Lewis, Shaq photo provided.

"The barn was instantly filled with deafening thuds as the opponents began to attack each other with the full force of their Britannic swords and glaves. Within a minute one person lay 'dead' on the ground."

September 26

The consummate Rich Cole, member of the Vikes swimming team, confessed his Speedo purchase following his coach's ultimatium.

"Either you get a Speedo or I'll cut the legs of your shorts off, and anything else in the way."

Cole spent an afternnoon in front of change room mirrors unwilling to trade self-respect for a banana hammock. Eventually he gave in to time restraints and dropped a wad on a pair.

"Sure, I might've looked ridiculous, but only to others. For all I knew, I was a surfin' stud."

He told his roommates he was going grocery shopping. He told us the truth.

October 31

Remember that game Mr. Mouth? A Pac-Man-ish cranium with a flexing mandible rotated slowly while four players flicked chips into its maw. It was like Hungry Hungry Hippos but more give than take. Less greed.

Well, no one had a bigger mouth before the NBA season than Shaquille O'Neal. And we got his prognostications via Nick Thran. How? We have no idea.

Thran adopted the Big Aristotle's boombox timbre and gave us the skinny. "Bibby, C-Web, Divac: I'll see y'all in the Western Conference Finals. I'll bring the marinade. Kobe'll spring for potatoes."

Although Shaq, Thran and his Lakers have dried up, those he trashed – the Dallas Mudlicks among them – are having the last laugh thus far this season.

November 7

"Chill winds blowing through Halifax over the weekend did little to cool heat produced by the UVic women's field hockey team," wrote Iain McLetchie. Iain's campus sports coverage is invaluable. Best we've seen in years.

This story recounted the Vikes game-by-game ascent to the final match of the CIS tournament, where they shut out UBC 4-0. Both a fine example of a game report and a team's prowess; simply put, it killed. Favourite dramatic line: "And then, the floodgates opened."

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From the cutting room floor:

Photos so good we kept them for ourselves – until now.

photo by Erik Haensel

Here's one of the advantages of a digital camera. You can return it with the photo assignment on it, and a whole bunch of other pictures just because they're cool.

photo by Vanessa Neuman

"When I was taking the picture [of Hot Hot Heat] I was so squashed against the stage that I could only get the pictures from one angle. I just had to pray that they would turn out."

photo by Alison MacDonald

You know that a film is boring when you spend more time watching the guys that are doing the sound, than the actual film.

Photo by Alison MacDonald

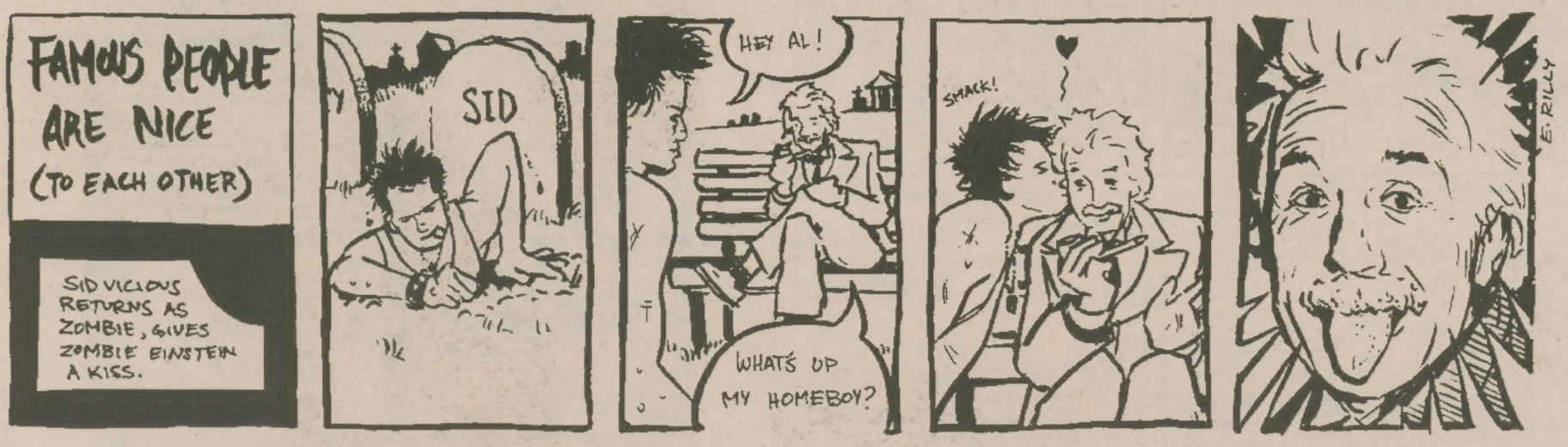
While we were taking this photo, tourists from Texas volunteered to have us "shove the tree up their ass."
Apparently that would make a better picture than what we were doing.

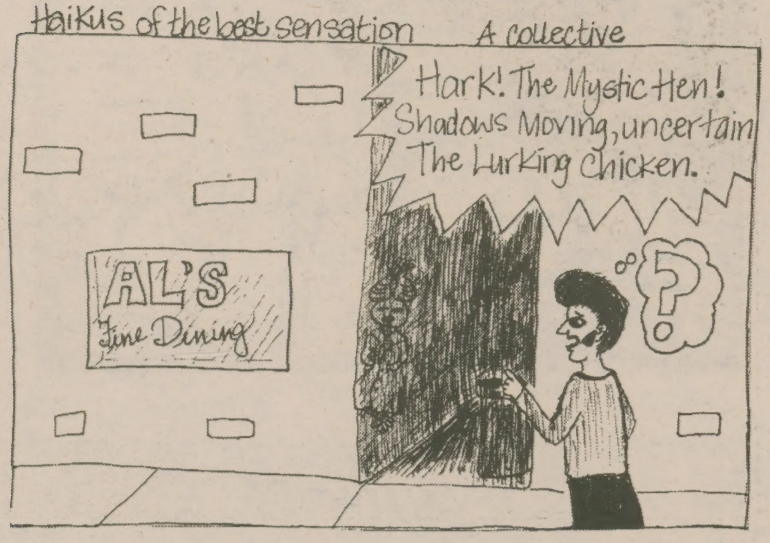
photo by Jocelyn Beyak

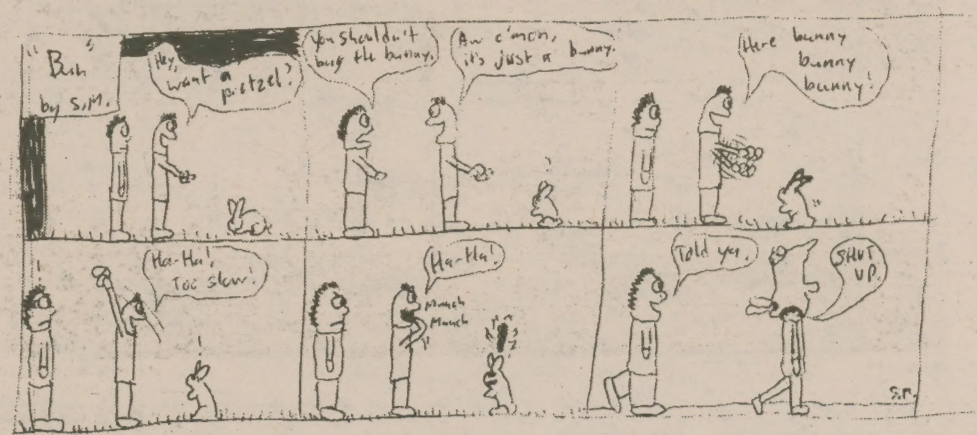
"How many police officers did they really need at this (October 7, Day of Defiance) protest?"

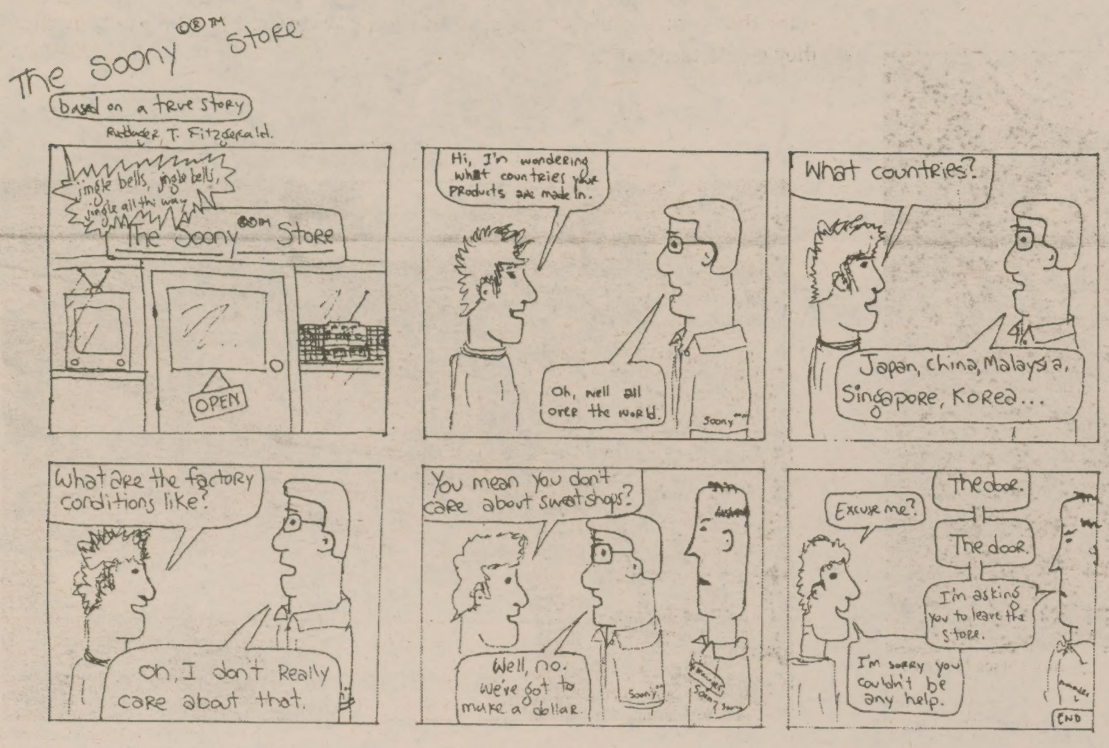
photo by Erik Haensel

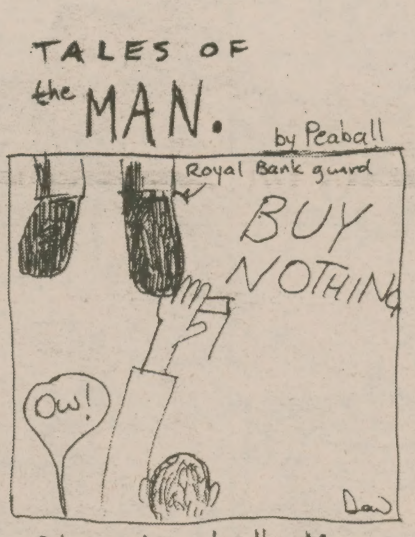
At the same protest, Erik Haensel decided to take a totally different angle.



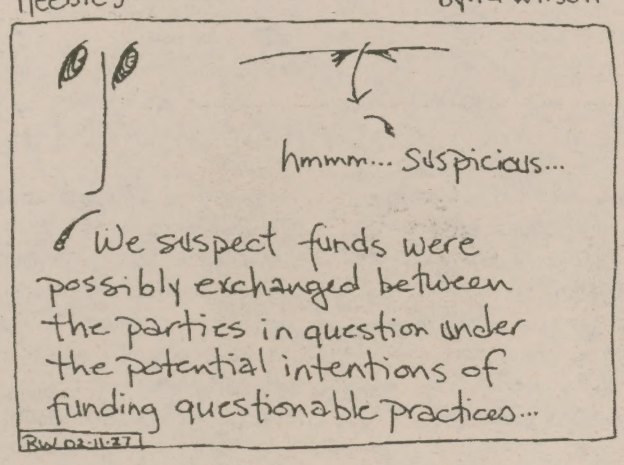





The Soony ©®™ Store
based on a true story
Redbadger, T. Fitzgerald.
jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way
The Soony ©®™ Store
OPEN
Hi, I'm wondering what countries your products are made in.
Oh, well all over the world.
Soony™
What countries?
Japan, China, Malaysia, Singapore, Korea...
What are the factory conditions like?
Oh, I don't really care about that.
You mean you don't care about sweatshops?
Well, no. we've got to make a dollar
Soony™
The door.
Excuse me?
The door.
I'm asking you to leave the store.
I'm sorry you couldn't be any help.
END



Stepped on by the Man.
(4:10 p.m., Friday Nov. 29)


Heebie Jeebies
by: ra·wilson
hmmm... Suspicious...
We suspect funds were possibly exchanged between the parties in question under the potential intentions of funding questionable practices...
RW 02-11-27

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LEARN American Jiu Jitsu. Be a winner in Clean or Dirty fighting, where it's do or die. A complete course by American Jiu Jitsu master Sgt. Frank Ioko. He has personally taught customs and Immigration officers in Montana, Monkey handlers at many of our nation's wild game farms. LEARN - 38 secret knockout blows and 5 death blows that you can inflict with just your elbows.
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Biology 299

Get out of the classroom and into the suds. This Monday, class requires a deep desire to live the Big Life and engage in featured pints of Moxie's trademark Amber and Blonde lagers.

LIFE IS CALLING
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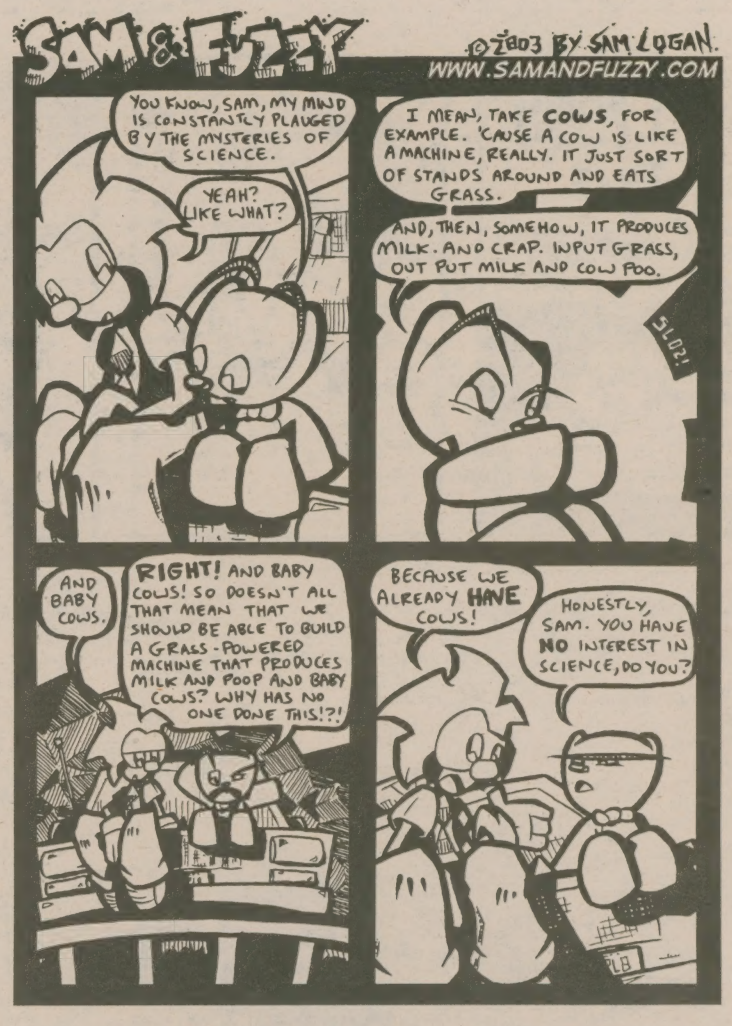
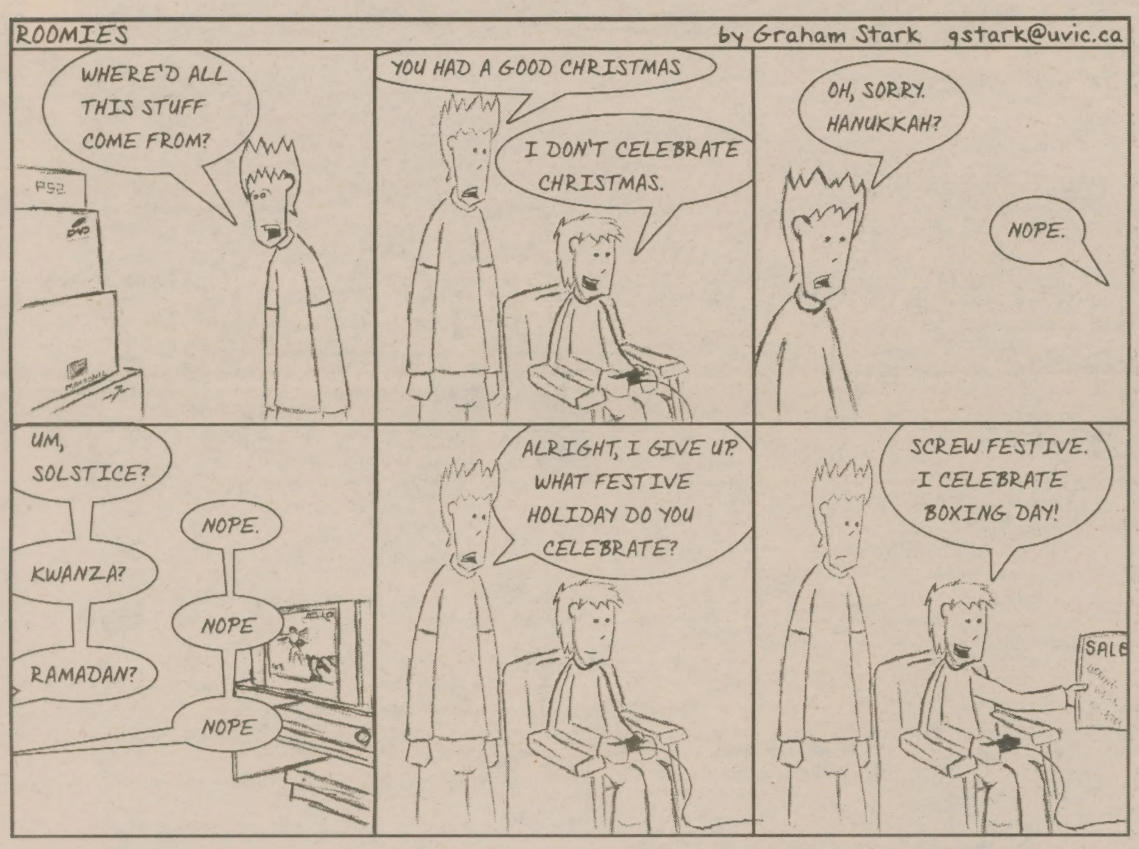
www.moxies.ca

POSTMODERN HAIRCUT PRESENTS...

THE SAD TALE OF HAPPY BUS
I WIKE TO WUV!
by Jeffrey Weston
westoons@hotmail.com
I'M HAPPY BUS! AND I WUV YOU ALL!
GASP
BUT I DON'T WUV YOU HAPPY BUS!
BUT I'M HAPPY BUS...
ZING!!
YOU WILL WUV ME, OR YOU WILL ALL DIE HORRIBLY SOMEHOW!
RRRRRRRR
Ahhh Stop eating me!
BOY STEVEN, HAPPY BUS IS A REAL JERK!
YOU SAID IT BILL...
... MAKES ME ALMOST WISH I NEVER UNEARTHED IT FROM THAT GIANT GALACTIC METEOR...
WHAT DO YOU SEE STEVE?
IT LOOKS LIKE A VERY... SATISFIED BUS.
RRRRARA
I'm Happy Bus WUV me!
Ahhhhh!
BUT I'M SURE THINGS WILL WORK OUT FOR THE BEST.
The End.


SAM & FUZZY
©2003 BY SAM LOGAN.
WWW.SAMANDFUZZY.COM
YOU KNOW, SAM, MY MIND IS CONSTANTLY PLAGUED BY THE MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE.
YEAH? LIKE WHAT?
I MEAN, TAKE COWS, FOR EXAMPLE. 'CAUSE A COW IS LIKE A MACHINE, REALLY. IT JUST SORT OF STANDS AROUND AND EATS GRASS.
AND, THEN, SOMEHOW, IT PRODUCES MILK. AND CRAP. INPUT GRASS, OUT PUT MILK AND COW POO.
SLURP!
AND BABY COWS.
RIGHT! AND BABY COWS! SO DOESN'T ALL THAT MEAN THAT WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BUILD A GRASS-POWERED MACHINE THAT PRODUCES MILK AND POOP AND BABY COWS? WHY HAS NO ONE DONE THIS!?!
BECAUSE WE ALREADY HAVE COWS!
HONESTLY, SAM. YOU HAVE NO INTEREST IN SCIENCE, DO YOU?



"No complain. Next year we have Christmas dinner with Jane's family."

Billboards

on campus

Get a Jump on your Work Search!
Career Services Workshops for January, 2003.
Work Search Tactics – Wed. Jan 15th 1:30 - 3:00p.m.
Essential Skills – Thurs. Jan 23rd 2:30 - 4:00p.m.
Interviewing for Success – Mon. Jan 27th 2:30p.m. - 4:00p.m.
Resumes and Cover Letters – Thurs. Jan 30th 2:30p.m. - 4:30p.m.
Open to all current UVic students and alumni. Sign up at Career Services, Campus Services Bldg. Room 110 (next to the Bookstore). $5.00 per workshop. Check out more upcoming workshops and cool events at www.careerservices.uvic.ca

Malaysian field school slide show Jan 15th (Wed.). Elliot 061, 5:30p.m. Summer course credit. Coral reefs, tropical fish & more! Presented by B.U.G.S. (Biology Undergraduate Society), BUGS@uvic.ca

off campus

Futilitarian Relief Fund Gala w/ guests Barley Wik and Bad, Bad, Bad. Monday Jan. 13th. 9:00 @ Lucky. $5.

announcements

The UVSS V-Day Collective is now accepting funding proposals from groups that advance, in some form, the project of ending violence against women and girls. We invite all organizations that contribute to the project to apply to be one of our production beneficiaries. For more information contact Erin Kelly at 388-3995 or email vdayuvic@yahoo.com.
DEADLINE: JANUARY 13, 2003, 4:30 PM.

wanted

***The Martlet* could use some computers, some** newish ones. iMacs, preferably. Low mileage. Good on gas, if possible. Oh boy could we ever use 'em.

employment

Travel and teach English: Jobs guaranteed. Great pay. TESOL Certified in 5 days in-class (or online or by correspondence). Attend a FREE info seminar. FREE infopack: 1-888-270-2941 or www.globaltesol.com

help wanted

Summer Camp Counselors on-campus interviews for premier camps in Massachusetts. Positions available for talented, energetic, and fun loving students as counselors in all team sports such as tennis & golf, waterfront and pool activities, and specialty activities including art, dance, theatre, gymnastics, newspaper, rocketry & radio. GREAT SALARIES, room, board, travel and U.S. summer work visa. June 21st – August 17th. Enjoy a great summer that promises to be unforgettable. For more information and to apply: MAH-KEE-NAC www.campmkn.com (Boys): 1-800-753-9118. DANBEE www.danbee.com (Girls): 1-800-392-3752. Interviewer will be on campus Monday, March 3rd – 10a.m. to 4p.m. in the Student Union Building (Michèle Pujol Room).

***Martlet* volunteers**. To do our evil bidding.

for sale

Microwave. $25. Call Kat, 380-1577.

hey you

The problem with gossip wieners is they never check their facts at the source. – Jordon.

Kerria. It's your birthday. On your birthday you should hear the things people don't usually say. Case in point: you have red hair. We like red hair. You are loved.

I'm gonna pee on you SS, then you'll be my territory. Mine all mine.

Wanted: SWF to whisk away to Europe for a life of quiet, happy adventures. Must be biologically identical to Sarah McEachern. RSVP to bravesnavel@hotmail.com

Hey, you. Thanks for stayin'.

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students & clubs	$2/issue
non-students	$2/line
businesses	$5.50/3 lines + $2/extra line
hey you!	free!